

## A TALE OF THE RHINE.

*From the Portfolio of a Wanderer.*

On the evening of the fifth day of my arrival in Coblenz, my attention was powerfully attracted by a lady and gentleman who, among a crowd of other passengers of every nation, had just landed from the steam-boat from Cologne. At any other time my eye would have dwelt with delight on the fine manly form, and fascinating polish of exterior of the gentleman; but its gaze was concentrated in its fullest force on the lovely female who gracefully hung on his arm. A more beautiful creature never blessed the sight of man. Tall above the common standard of her sex, her slender form was Grecian symmetry itself; a pale complexion, but transparent as the finest alabaster, beautifully contrasted with her luxuriant raven tresses, some of which, escaping from beneath her bonnet, were rioting on the beauties of her swan-like neck; an eye dark and soft as the wild gazelle's; so sweet a mouth, and such a heavenly expression of countenance, lit up by such a smile of winning gentleness, that, as my enraptured eye gazed on her with more intensity than was consistent with the rules of polished society, methought I never beheld a more lovely personification of the goddess Hebe, than in the beautiful creature who was slowly advancing towards the spot where I stood. The costume of the strangers proclaimed them English, and their air announced them as distinguished members of the fashionable world. Chance placed me opposite to them at the supper table, for they were inmates of the same hotel as myself. Some little attentions on my part to the lady, broke through the rigidity of English reserve, and led to a desultory conversation on the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Overcome with the fatigue of travelling, she retired earlier than I could have wished. As the evening was beautiful and not far advanced, I proposed to her companion a cigar, and a stroll on the flying bridge across the Rhine. Who that hath an eye for the wild beauties of Nature, and that hath tarried on the bridge of Cob-

lenz at the soft hour of evening, that does not cherish a vivid recollection of so fair a scene? The bright moon, with her starry court, reigning undisturbed in the light blue sky—the rich covering of the distant hills, tinted with the moonbeams—the vine-clad heights of Paffendorf bathed in a flood of light. Above you, frowning in stern and warlike majesty, the battered wall of Ehrenbreitstein; beneath, the lovely Rhine, in whose lustrous bosom is reflected another heaven. Behind you, the tall spire of the Munster, hallowing with its gaze the nuptials of the fair Moselle, as, blushing, she rushes to meet the embrace of her lord, the Rhine. While the soft notes of the bugles of the garrison, sweetly floating on the evening breeze, reminds you that the hour of “*retraite*” is arrived.

In such a lovely scene as this, the warm and generous feelings of youth broke through the selfish trammels of society; kindness begot confidence; and, long ere the termination of our evening walk, we were as familiar as though we had been long acquainted.

My companion, Charles Henry F——n, was the second son of a baronet in the north of England, happy in the possession of all that makes the life of a country gentleman enviable—an upright magistrate, a kind master, a merciful landlord, and a warm friend. These fine and generous qualities were but too often checked in their kindly operation by an overweening pride of ancestry, which he gloried in tracing back to a period before the Conquest. It was during one of the vacations which had freed Charles from the restraints of a college life, that, in the course of a ramble through one of the southern counties, he first met Julia M——n, the only daughter of an old and gallant officer, who, after five-and-twenty years' hard service, had retired from the world on the slender pittance of a major's half-pay. To see and love the fair Julia was with Charles almost the work of the same moment. His name and rank easily procured him an introduction to the



major, and his fascinating manners always rendered him a welcome and distinguished guest. That two such beings as Charles and Julia could be thrown much together without loving would have been impossible. Charles became an almost constant inmate at the cottage of the major, and his sweet daughter soon loved him with all the fervid tenderness and devoted attachment of maiden's first love.

"From the first moment that I became acquainted with this angel of purity," said the enamoured young man, "a change came over the spirit of my existence; I contrasted the hitherto dissipated course of life which I had led at College, and into which a young man is drawn, as it were, '*malgré lui*,' with the bright prospect of happiness which a union with my beloved Julia held out, and my mind dwelt with rapture on the perspective; and yet the recollection of my father's aristocratic pride would but too often cast a deep gloom over the horizon of my hopes, and almost reduce me to despair. I felt but too bitterly the conviction that he would never consent to receive as a daughter a maiden, whose shield, *heraldically* speaking, was as *blanche* as herself; but, then, to give up Julia would have been worse than death. Having obtained her consent, I flew to tell the story of our loves to her father, and to entreat his consent to our union. But when I mentioned the cause which for a time must imperatively render it a secret, the old officer shrank from the idea of his daughter's clandestinely entering a family who would consider her as of an inferior caste: he mildly, but firmly, rejected my suit. I returned almost heart-broken to Oxford. I heard often from Julia, and her letters breathed the purest and most disinterested affection. On the expiration of the Term, I flew again on the wings of love and impatience to N——n. The rose had fled from the fair cheek of Julia, and her fond father saw with alarm that she was a prey to a sorrow that was consuming her. I again urged my suit with all the eloquence I was master of. The gentle Julia united her supplications to mine;—they at last proved successful—the stern pride of the soldier, after a severe struggle, yielded to the strong feelings of the father. We

were immediately married. My father, to whom I communicated my marriage, at the earnest request of the major, forbade me for ever his presence. Under these circumstances I left England for the continent, where I intend remaining till time and reflection shall induce my father to relent in his stern decision."

We had reached the hotel as he finished his narrative, and wishing him a good night, I tendered my services, as *cicerone*, for the morrow's excursion. These were readily accepted; and on the following morning I was introduced in due form to the fair Julia.

Struck with the romantic beauties of the environs of Coblenz, Charles determined on spending a month in its neighbourhood, and, to avoid the noise and fracas of an hotel, hired a neat cottage on the banks of the Rhine. Our acquaintance soon ripened into the closest intimacy; finding that I was a wanderer, without any settled plan, Charles proposed to me to accompany them to Vienna, and to proceed by the Tyrol into Italy to pass the winter. I joyfully acceded to a plan which would constantly afford me the society of those two inestimable beings, in whose characters the experience of each day developed some new beauties. Charles was noble, generous, and frank; to an exquisitely fine taste he united an intellect of the first order, improved by the most careful cultivation. In Julia, a becoming gentleness, a touching simplicity, and an unaffected grace, rendered her all that, in its moments of romance, the mind conceives as perfect and lovely in woman. I felt for her all that a fond brother feels for a favourite sister whom he ever seeks to indulge, and over whom he watches with the most tender anxiety.

Our time passed delightfully; the mornings were devoted to rambles amid the wild and romantic beauties of the neighbourhood; and the evenings to chess and music. Sometimes we would diversify the scene by mixing in the gaieties of Ems; at others, Charles and I would take our guns and make fierce war on the game. Julia was a *dilettante* in music. How often have I at the soft hour of evening listened enraptured to the sounds of her sweet voice as she sang with ex-

quisite taste and feeling some little romance, as our boat shot swiftly along the silvery bosom of the fair Rhine.

It wanted but five days to the period of our departure, when two College associates of Charles's passed through Coblenz on their way to the baths of Ems. Nothing would do but that Charles and Julia should go over with them and pass a couple of days: for myself, I remained behind to arrange for our departure.

It was on the second evening of my solitude, that I resolved to walk out and pass the night at the little village of Capellen, and thus avoid the noise and confusion always attendant on the arrival of the steam-boat from Cologne.

On reaching the little inn, a feeling of gloom, which I could ill-account for, came over me. In vain did I seek to dissipate it by a recourse to some of my favourite pursuits. I threw away dissatisfied the half-finished sketch of a Prussian Hulan, whose fine martial carriage, as he paced before my window, I had in vain attempted to hit off. I took up a volume of Goëthe, and pored over the *Faust* until I grew giddy at its difficulties. I walked to the window, and gazed on the Lahn, as it meandered through the lovely valley of Oberyssell, bearing its tributary stream to its feudal lord, the Rhine.—“And thus it is with life!” thought I, as the mighty river rolled majestically past me—“a troubled stream from its source to the great sea of eternity!—But this will never do!” I ejaculated, as I thus found myself moralizing. “I must try what the combined effects of my Meerschaum and a bottle of ‘Steinberger’ will do, in dispelling the gloom which has come over me.” And I quitted my station to summon the kelner, when I was arrested in my intention by a rap at the door of my apartment. In such a mood of mind was I at this moment, that I really think I should have welcomed as a companion the very fiend Mephistophiles. He who thus broke in on my *ennui* was my friend, Charles F—n. “My dear Charles,” said I, warmly embracing him, “what brings you so soon from Ems? I did not expect you till after to-morrow.”

“Read this letter, and it will answer your question.”

As I took from his hand the epistle, a

fearful foreboding assailed me. It was as I had expected—a challenge; and, as I perused its haughty demand for satisfaction, I felt convinced that all amicable arrangement was impossible, and I trembled for the threatened happiness of Julia.—“I have too high an opinion of your discretion, Charles,” said I, “to suppose that you would heedlessly rush into a quarrel. State to me frankly all the circumstances which led to this unfortunate affair.”

“They are briefly told, Frederick. As Julia and myself were walking in the public gardens at Ems, I was struck with the rude and ardent gaze which a Prussian officer directed towards her. I at first took no notice of it; but, on his repeating it a second and a third time, I led her back to the hotel, and returned alone to the walk to demand an explanation. A haughty and insolent sneer was my only answer. Fired at the insult, I heaped upon him the greatest indignity which one man can put on another—a blow. Will you now do me the sad service of accompanying me in this quarrel?—a quarrel which, in the first instance, was not of my seeking.—But come,” he added, “you must instantly return to Coblenz, as some time has already elapsed since I received the hostile message.”

Although the evening was already far advanced when we reached the garrison, I repaired to the quarters of the Prussian officer. Captain the Baron Von S—r received me with that easy politeness and high-bred courteousness of manner, so marked a feature in the Prussian military. He regretted, he frankly owned, what had taken place. Struck with the extraordinary beauty of the lady, his gaze might have expressed an admiration he found it impossible to conceal; but he indignantly disclaimed, in the most positive manner, any thing that could, in the slightest degree, wound female-delicacy. “But what boots it,” said he, “to revert to the past? I have received a blow; and, as an officer and gentleman, you must feel that I have but one alternative. My friend shall wait on you in the morning to arrange all preliminaries; only I must beg your indulgence till after the evening parade. And now,” he added, “there is no reason why we should not be friends;”—and he ex-

tended his hand towards me. There was an open frankness in his manner which powerfully prepossessed me in his favour, and bitterly did I deplore the stern and fatal necessity which must on the morrow oppose him to my friend.

Early the following morning I received the visit of his second. "From the nature of the insult," said he, "you must be aware it will be an *affaire à l'outrance*."—"We are prepared, Monsieur, for the worst that may happen; may I therefore ask the hour that will be the most convenient to your friend?"—"At seven, at the tomb of General Moreau—the conditions of combat, *à la barrière*."—"I have no objection whatever to urge to your arrangements: till seven, then, farewell."

With a heavy heart I walked towards the abode of my friend, and found him waiting for me at a short distance from the cottage. "Poor Julia!" said he, on my detailing to him the arrangements I had made—"should I fall, what a wretched fate will be thine! It is this thought which almost unmans me."

"For Heaven's sake!" said I, "compose yourself, or your altered manner will not escape her observation." In spite of the advice thus given to Charles, my own countenance wore so deep an air of gloom, that Julia immediately perceived it.

"What, in the name of Heaven," said she, "has occurred? You were never wont to look so sad. But I must endeavour to divert your melancholy;"—and she flew to the piano, and played the spirit-stirring chorus in *Euryanthé*.—"What! still sad? Nay, then, I must try something more in unison with your gloomy feelings;"—and she played with thrilling effect the Death Waltz of Weber. A horrible idea flashed across my mind, as I listened to the last work of that celebrated composer: it struck me that Julia was celebrating her husband's requiem. A dreadful foreboding of evil took possession of me; and, pleading as an excuse a sudden indisposition, I precipitately left the cottage.

The sun was gently sinking in the west when Charles and I came in sight of Moreau's tomb. "Have you ever been out before?" said I to him, breaking for the first time the silence which had prevailed.

"Never!" he replied; "and what is more, although an Oxonian, I have never even frequented a shooting-gallery."—"It matters not, Charles; I have more than once seen men who, in the practice-yard, would have winged a musquito, fire widely from the mark in the field. A steady hand and a sure eye are all that are required."

By this time, the adverse party had also reached the ground.

"Having, in compliance," said I to them, "with the custom of your country, acceded to your mode of fighting, I must avail myself of my right of choosing the ground." They bowed an assent; and in placing the combatants, I took care that the rays of the setting sun should be thrown right on the line of sight of the Prussian officer. Alas! my precaution proved of no avail.

The parties now took ground; the signal was given; both with admirable coolness advanced up to the barrier; both fired at once—and with unerring precision—for, at the same instant, both staggered and fell. In the next moment, I was at the side of my fallen friend: he was mortally wounded. Affectionately grasping my hand, he looked up in my face, with an effort pronounced the name of Julia, and then closed his eyes for ever. Oh, God! how agonizing were my feelings. Before me lay the lifeless body of my friend, while the image of the now widowed Julia presented itself fearfully to my imagination, and a sickness stole over my heart which had nearly overcome me. The Baron, who was severely wounded, gave vent to the loudest exclamations of sorrow on learning the fatal effect of his fire. With the assistance of some soldiers, the body of Charles was conveyed to an hotel in the town, near the bridge of the Moselle.

I have often tried since to charge my recollection with what passed from the moment I left the fatal ground till I reached the habitation of the hapless Julia—but in vain. She was seated at the harp when I entered, and rose to welcome me with one of her sweetest smiles. "Gracious Heaven!" she suddenly exclaimed, "what means that death-like paleness? Something dreadful must have happened—I see it by your agitation. Tell me, where is

Charles—why comes he not with you? A dreadful suspicion darts across me!—and see, there are marks of blood on your dress! Oh, God! oh, God!—it must be so. My husband is dead, and you are his murderer!”—and the half-frantic Julia turned away from me with horror.—“Julia!” said I, mournfully, the horrible suspicion she had just given utterance to recalling my scattered senses, “can you think so unworthily of your friend? Would to Heaven that, with the sacrifice of my own life, I could have saved his, for your sake! it had been cheerfully given. It is now in vain to dissemble—Charles has fallen in a duel!”

“Gracious Providence!” exclaimed the poor sufferer, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, “Thy will be done! But how have I deserved this fatal blow?—But, come!” she added, with fearful earnestness, “let us away; let me look on him once again. Why stand you rivetted to that spot? Can you refuse me? By all that you hold most dear in life, lead me, I implore of you, to the body of my husband, and I will worship you for ever!”—and the broken-hearted girl fell at my feet. I raised her from the ground, and placed her on a sofa. “Do but compose yourself, Julia,” said I, “and I will do any thing you may ask of me: but, I conjure you, think not of going to-night; it will be too much for you.”—“No, no—to-night!—to-night!” she screamed—“ere the last

bloom of life hath for ever departed from his cheek.”

Wrapping her in my cloak, we hurried forward, her feverish excitement giving her almost supernatural strength. On reaching the door of the hotel, I again urged her to defer her sad visit till the morrow. “I am quite composed,” she convulsively exclaimed; and, letting fall my arm, she sprang up stairs.

In the centre of a dimly-lighted apartment, covered with a military cloak, lay the body of the unfortunate Charles. I motioned to an attendant to remove the covering and retire, and then led forward the disconsolate Julia to view the corpse. No wild and passionate burst of sorrow escaped her; the external signs of grief appeared to have been suddenly dried up. Her beautiful eyes almost started from their sockets with the intensity of her gaze. One large blue vein protruded itself from her polished forehead. She stood thus for some minutes, like another Niobe, a living monument of mute despair; when, suddenly, wildly throwing up her arms, she uttered a piercing scream, and, like the tender dove shot on the wing, fell dead on the lifeless body of her husband! I stooped forward to raise her; but it was too late: her heart-strings had burst with her fearful scream, and she lay like the beautiful lily plucked before its time by the wanton hand of childhood.

## BLANCHE OF BROOMSIDE.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

“Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad  
The bird, and feed the bee;  
And charm ten thousand hearts—although  
No more they’ll gladden me.”—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A Joyous and a happy girl was Blanche Seabright—the beauty and favourite of Broomside—a lonely and pastoral village in Devon. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of small, but independent fortune; and as her mother died in giving her birth, and her father had remained unmarried, Blanche was exactly what old maids and bachelors call a “spoiled child,” before she entered her teens. Nor was this much to be wondered at—her extreme beauty would have rendered her an object of admiration even in crowded cities, where female loveliness is so frequently seen;—moreover, she had precisely the acquirements that are valuable in country society—she danced and sang to perfection, played on the lute, and possessed more wit than any one in the village—excepting, perhaps, old Admiral Granby, a hale veteran of seventy-six, who told all the stock jokes of the navy for the last fifty years, with an energy which astonished the clergyman, squire, and justice, every Christmas and Michaelmas, when they regularly met at the Bell and Crown, to settle all matters touching church and state; and to discuss the question whether the county member did his duty or not. Certainly Blanche’s wit was the most original—but her auditors were seldom particular as to that. The maiden’s spirits, when she was about seventeen (that age of sentiment and insipidity, when the girl is donning the womanly robe, and has not made up her mind whether she will at once become stately and artificial, or remain joyous and natural); at that critical age such were her spirits, that every body set her down as a confirmed mad-cap—when suddenly, or as old people say, “in less than no time,” matters changed, and she become serious and reserved; her cheek, even that blooming cheek, faded; and her bright blue eyes were often filled with

tears—then “every body” wondered what could be the matter: some talked of consumption—others of catarrh—and even some of love; this the wise ones laughed at—Blanche Seabright in love! With whom? Not old Admiral Granby, or the lame boy at the apothecary’s—and they were the only ‘presentable’ bachelors in the district. It could not be—in love, indeed! What absurdity! Were the wise ones right or wrong? We shall see. I have said before that Broomside was beautifully situated, but I have not stated that it possessed attractions, passing great, to sportsmen; there was a fine trout stream—good covers for game—and, moreover, about a mile up the hill, a shooting box, which was let in a miscellaneous way every season to whoever chose to take it. The resident gentry knew nothing, and cared little, about its inhabitants—who were seldom seen at that legitimate place for all people to be seen at—the parish church—sweet, tranquil spot, which centuries scarcely altered, save that moss and lichens entirely covered with their bright greenery the patches of roof, from whence some ancient storm had scared the ivy. The parties who, at the time I allude to, occupied the lodge, were the *Roué* Lord of Dunmeade, and his cousin, Mr. Eversham. Dunmeade was a childless widower, with broken constitution, and well known in the fashionable circles as *un homme célèbre*. Plain, simple-minded people would call him a “dangerous character,” but the *haut monde* are too well bred to designate things by common terms. Eversham was a very different being from his titled cousin; he was the second son of a beneficed clergyman, and intended for the sacred profession—in fact, he had just taken orders, and was one who did so for conscience sake. To please his mother, who was naturally anxious that, if pos-

sible, some of his lordship's worldly goods might hereafter become the property of her son, he joined the noble on a shooting excursion. Few could have been more powerfully contrasted—the Earl of Dunmeade was verging on his fiftieth birthday, diminutive in stature, and every feature of his face telling of dissipation—the full, gloating eye—the satyr-like mouth—and the sallow spotted skin; his manners, however, were courtly and insinuating—and to this he owed the popularity he undoubtedly possessed in certain circles.

Mr. Eversham was in the first bloom of manhood; his boyish days had been spent at his father's vicarage; and at college his time was devoted to the attainment of literary distinction. When, therefore, he launched into the world, he was in the full possession of a vigorous and untainted mind. His expressive countenance was as a beautiful title-page to a virtuous and learned book; and his whole bearing was that of a scholar and a gentleman. A country event occasioned a meeting between the trio, namely, Blanche Seabright, and the cousins—a passing shower caused both parties to take shelter in a small cottage between Broomside and the hill lodge; the maiden's beauty attracted the gentlemen's attention, and they soon discovered who she was. With what different feelings were their inquiries made; what man would exchange the first beatings of affection—such love as might dwell in the lily's bosom, without contaminating its purity—for the sordid, cold calculation with which in after life he heaps gold—and marries? "She is a fine girl," said his lordship. "Wants an air—a manner—a style in short; which fashionable society would soon give. Bringing out such a creature would create—the most difficult thing in the world to achieve in polished society—a sensation—eh, Eversham?"

Eversham bowed.

"Good family—domestic, doubtless," continued the noble, musingly. "Make an attentive nurse—getting gouty at times (rubbing his leg). Eversham, what do you think, ought I to bind myself again in matrimonial chains?"

Eversham started, and looked at his cousin.

"My dear lord, what *are* you thinking of?"

"Why of that rustic beauty—that oriental pearl—Miss Seabright. Should you like her for a relative?"

"Very much," was the young gentleman's laconic reply, as he darted a look of defiance at the noble, which must have annihilated him had he seen it.

The when and the where of the next meeting of Blanche and Eversham is of little consequence. An aged oak—a shady dell—or, sweetest of all, a rippling brook, have been lovers' land-marks time out of mind; and though their first, second, perhaps even their third rencontres were of course accidental, Eversham was too honourable—Blanche too candid—to carry on clandestine courtship. And after the necessary inquiries, which every parent finds it right to make, when the happiness of a beloved child is concerned, Mr. Eversham was received by Mr. Seabright as his daughter's suitor.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Lord Dunmeade discovered the proceeding, and was enraged. To be foiled by a boy was too bad—not to be forgiven. His power in town was on the decline; but could he have produced such a wife as Blanche, his house would again have been the resort of all the rank and fashion of the time; he knew and felt this, and his bitterness increased when not only his lady-love but her father also rejected his addresses with cold and firm civility. It was now the latter end of November, and the wise ones were convinced that they were wrong, for the wedding-day was fixed, and the bride in constant consultation with the village milliner.

"It is a bright and glorious moonlight, dearest," whispered Eversham to his betrothed; "you have not been out for many days. Do, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Seabright, "prevail upon Blanche to walk once, only once round the lawn."

Mr. Seabright seconded the request, and the happy three issued from the folding doors, which opened on the glittering grass. When they reached the bottom of the green, Mr. Seabright wished to extend his walk to the meadow, and prevailed upon Eversham to accompany him.



"Blanche can remain in the green-house until our return, as I fear the dampness of the long herbage for her. We will not be absent ten minutes," said the old gentleman. Blanche leaned her head against the door, and watched their figures recede amongst the trees. How perfectly did she feel the change which a few weeks had wrought in her mind and feelings. She was no longer the thoughtless, light-hearted maiden of Broomside. Love, that pure and holy passion, when it throbs in the bosom of a young and virtuous woman, elevates and refines even while it subdues; the heart, as it were, turning back upon itself, wonders at its former triflings, and owns but one all-guiding influence—devotion to the being it has singled from the crowd *for ever*. Of such a nature was Blanche Seabright's affection—and although the forms of the two beings dearest to her upon earth had disappeared, her eye still rested on the path they had taken. Suddenly she started, and uttered a faint scream, for a hand rested upon her arm. She turned, and beheld, almost breathing upon her's, the face of an old crone, known by the name of Madge Willis. This creature enjoyed the double reputation of knave and fool, and from her infancy had been an object of terror to Blanche. Her figure was short and square—her fingers and arms of unnatural length and size—and as she clutched the maiden's arm, and peered into her face, the young lady trembled beneath her eye. "I cannot harm ye', Blanche Seabright," she commenced; and as she spoke, the kerchief which confined her grizzled locks fell back, and her large and twisted features stood in strong relief from the bright blue sky. "I do not want to harm ye—but I must look upon this palm—there, I knew ye'd wed a lord. Such beauty for a plain gentleman—oh no!—the whitest meat to the kite's nest—to the court, fair lady—to the court—to catch fools.—*You'll never die a plain man's wife.*"

"Woman, unhand me!" cried Blanche, much terrified—"loosen your hold, I say!—Eversham!—Father!" she exclaimed. "Off, woman! how dare you presume." Madge Willis still grasped her as firmly as with a vice, and heeded not her struggles, apparently intent on examining her hand

—"the lines tell of early sorrow—and death—well," she continued—"and that is the end of all—but first—ay, first, there is gold and rank—Now listen, lady—it is fated that you'—Poor Blanche again screamed; and to her great relief saw Eversham springing across the field.—"Curse on your mummeries, ye old hag!" exclaimed the young man, as he caught Blanche almost fainting in his arms; "you have murdered her with your sorceries. Away!" he cried, stamping his foot with impatience, for the woman calmly folded her arms, and looked upon them both.

"I am going—poor Madge is going—but as this," and she pulled up a tuft of primroses that, in defiance of the season, were budding amid the grass—"as this is pulled—even so in ye'r early prime shall ye' be torn asunder—and so wither. Don't lay hand on me, young man—ye scorn me—and no cross or coin of your's ever touched my palm—but no matter—I'll see the end of ye yet." So saying, and before Mr. Seabright came up, she walked into the shrubbery, and the gentlemen supported Blanche to the house. Whatever impression this singular scene made on the pride of the village, it is a recorded fact, that she never looked so lovely as when on the following Monday she plighted her faith in the old church to Henry Cavendish Eversham. After the ceremony, as she was leaning on her husband's arm, passing to the carriage, amid the blessings of the assembled peasantry, her eye rested on the countenance of Madge Willis—the woman's stern features wore an aspect of fixed melancholy—and she silently obeyed the summons of the bride's small gloved finger.

"Madge," said Blanche, blushing, and struggling with the terror with which the wild woman inspired her, "you said I would never be a plain man's wife—here is something to console ye for being a false prophet."

"I'll not take your gold," she replied, gloomily. "I said you'd never *die* a plain man's wife. I'm no false prophet, lady."—The carriage drove on.

The world talks a great deal, and writes a great deal, about there being no such thing on earth as perfect happiness. I believe it is not general; but as to the non-existence of such a thing, they who

assert the contrary never experienced or witnessed the perfect union of souls—the devotion—the all absorbing happy devotion of perfect love. I am not now going into the question whether such a passion may not detract from the duty which the creature owes the Creator. Nor am I about to inquire whether this more than earthly happiness will bear the wear and tear of a cold and selfish world, which is ever anxious to destroy that in which it cannot participate. But I believe, as the poet sings, that—but let him speak for himself—

“There’s a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,

When two that are link’d in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die :

One hour of a passion so faithful, is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,  
And, oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,  
It is this—it is this !”

Eversham and his wife certainly enjoyed this elysium. And when Blanche became a mother, such was the extremity of her happiness, that she would silently ask herself if it could always last. Gradually—to her imperceptibly—a change came over the beauty of her beloved—his eye was more bright—his cheek, too, more coloured—and his forehead dazzlingly white ;—he did not complain of either pain or sickness—but there was a lassitude, an inactivity in his very step—and then a short cough and restless nights. And at length his wife, with her infant sleeping in her bosom, watched by the death couch of her pride—her husband ! Nothing could save him—she wearied heaven with prayers—with her face buried in the pillow that supported his head, would she kneel, beseeching the Almighty to spare the idolized being from whom she could not bear to think of parting. “Oh, God !” she would exclaim, “can it be ! Must I resign him to the cold earth—to the worm—and to corruption !” And then in his calm, low voice, while his fast fleeting breath fell upon her burning brow, like the chill breeze of early spring, he would say, that over the spirit death had no dominion—that *he*—the soul—the mind, she so much loved, could not be committed to the silent tomb. But even

the tabernacle of that noble essence was dear unto her heart—and Blanche Eversham would not be comforted.

Alas ! for the changes of this mortal life ! The second anniversary of their union was celebrated by his funeral. As the hearse passed slowly from the door, Blanche, clasping her baby-boy wildly to her bosom, rushed from her friends, and stood at the window, as if anxious to witness the last—the very last dread ceremony—and, unwittingly, her eye fell upon the hated figure of Madge Willis—there she was—her hair streaming on the wintry blast, giving to the winds the torn remains of what in her distraction Blanche imagined to be the very tuft of wild primroses she had pulled on the night of her evil prophecy. The woman looked at the stiffening figure of the youthful widow, and pointing to the sable hearse, disappeared amongst the villagers. What Blanche’s ideas as to the mysterious appearance of this weird woman were she never communicated ; but it was evident that it had made a great impression upon her intense imagination. Her troubles did not terminate with her husband’s death—Mr. Seabright, deprived of his daughter’s society, felt listless in his lonely cottage, and had been induced to embark part of his property in a mercantile speculation, with which, like most country gentlemen, he was perfectly unacquainted. After her husband’s death, Blanche returned to the dwelling of her childhood ; but, although her father’s affection was unchanged, he had not leisure to devote his sole attention to his daughter as in former times ; poor Blanche suffered from an over-wrought sensibility, and fancied, what was only the result of occupation, the result of coldness. Had she not her child’s welfare so strongly at heart, she must have sunk a victim to real and artificial sorrow. Mr. Seabright at length became gloomy and ill tempered ; and even the infantine caresses of his little grandson failed at times to engage his attention. Suddenly he absented himself almost entirely from his dwelling, and his daughter became really alarmed ; unskilled in the world’s ways, she was at a loss to account for his strange habits ; and when, one gloomy December evening, he returned, after a ten days’ absence,

brooding and melancholy, she ventured upon the dreaded task of inquiring *why* he was so altered.

"Blanche," he replied, "you cannot understand how my affairs have been mismanaged, or how perfectly we are all on the very brink of ruin; in a few days we shall have hardly a roof to shelter us, and I have been occupied in consulting with old Mr. Eversham as to the means of our preservation. Blanche, it is in your power not only to save me from destruction—me, your old grey-headed parent, but to secure for this your fatherless boy a rich and noble heritage." Blanche replied not, but pressed her son to her bosom, and looked towards her father with an imploring countenance. "I know not, my child, whether or not you can bear me to proceed—but I rest my hopes on your strength of mind, and the pure affection you bear your relatives."—There was a long pause.—"You know how anxious, about three years ago, your mother-in-law was for your husband to retain the friendship of Lord Dunmeade." Blanche started. "When that nobleman mentioned to me his love (Blanche shuddered) for you, I yielded to your feelings from fatherly affection, and permitted you to make your own choice—your son is his lordship's relative; and as he is even now anxious to make you his wife, we all think that it would be very unwise in you to lose the opportunity of securing the property to the family—the chances are that this child will be his sole heir." Blanche arose from her chair, and walked with a steady step to the door. One glance at her pale but firm-set countenance told her father that his cause was lost; the old man, in a voice rendered tremulous by agitation, called upon her to stop—and advanced to her at an uneven pace.

"Blanche," he exclaimed, taking her hand, "pause a moment ere you decide. I tell you another week will find me a degraded man: my credit gone, my hopes blasted. I have engaged in speculation, and been ruined—Lord Dunmeade discovered it, and has generously offered to free me from my difficulties, to marry you, and be a father to your child. Blanche, will you render your father houseless, and a wanderer?—Will you

sacrifice this boy on the shrine of unavailing grief?—Will you permit him to say in after life, when struggling with poverty, and smarting under the scourge of adversity, 'My mother could have prevented this, but she would not.' Eversham's family are anxious for it—I speak not of myself," added the old man. Blanche pressed her hand to her forehead, and with a hasty action folded the mourning robe around her figure, and rushed from the room. Long and bitterly did she weep—and earnestly did she pray to the Almighty for advice and support—the well-being of her father and her child—the prospect (and who does not tremble at such) the prospect of want;—and then the natural romance of character, which circumstances had deadened, not destroyed—all worked upon her mind, and, after a long struggle, she resolved to immolate herself; to stand at God's altar, and to pledge her hitherto unpolluted faith to one she loathed—for the sake of her father and her child.

She had collected all the energies of body and mind to communicate her resolution to her father. As she was leaving the room, a weight seemed to oppress her, even to suffocation—and she threw open the latticed window to admit the air;—she shrank quickly from it, for she saw, or imagined she saw, under the shadow of the green-house wall, the mummering fortune teller, crouched to the earth, and watching her movements, with the eye and attitude of an insidious cat. "It is fated," murmured the future bride of Dunmeade, as she rapidly descended the stairs. "It is vain to strive with fate."

Rich were the jewels, and gorgeous the equipages that awaited the bridal; and the world talked of the fair prospects of the house of Eversham—and still more of the extraordinary good fortune which awaited a dowerless widow. Notes of congratulation—lace—feathers—and satins, crowded the house;—and the boy, in his childish glee, delighted in the pageantry, and tore open afresh (if indeed they had ever healed) the heart-wounds of his fading mother—ever and anon prattling his childish fantasies, and inquiring if his dead papa had been as little and as ugly as his new one. Blanche, to the eye, bore it all astonishingly—even the

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fulsome and disgusting attentions of her intended lord. Oh how abominable are such tributes! The settlements were drawn—her father and child provided for—but, contrary to all received opinions, Blanche persisted in her resolution of being married in her village church—this was a whim nobody could account for; Lord Dunmeade was anxious that the ceremony should have been performed in town; but the lady was resolute; and people (*good-natured people*), when talking about her fine fortune, added, that “she had no more feeling than a stone, notwithstanding her pale looks and pretence, for if she had, she would never be married twice in the same church, particularly as she must pass the simple white tomb of her late husband in the church-yard—the very tomb she had placed over his grave.”

As Blanche descended from her carriage, Madge Willis stood in the church porch; a cold shudder thrilled through her frame, and, heedless of ceremony, she withdrew her hand hastily from the gouty

earl, and passed alone into the aisle. The words, “said I not the whitest meat to the kite’s nest,” echoed to her ear; and she also noted the half-muttered “peace, woman,” of Lord Dunmeade, as he passed a purse into the witch’s hand. Before the conclusion of the ceremony, all observed the rapidly changing countenance, and fearfully heaving breast of the beautiful bride! As she proceeded out of the church, the aged bridegroom’s arm was insufficient for her support; and her father almost carried her into the open air. She revived a little, and murmured the words, “Stop—stop,” in his ear; she looked wildly around for a moment, and then with a convulsive effort threw herself upon Eversham’s grave. They raised her tenderly from the earth—her father knelt—her child pressed her cold hands in his little bosom—all were agitated by one common feeling—even the Lord of Dunmeade felt deeply;—it was useless—the sacrifice was made—the victim had expired!

*December, 1829.*

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## ELFINE'S ROCK.

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"AND what rock is that?" said I, pointing to a terrific looking elevation, which, though joined to the mainland, protruded its abrupt and fearful front far beyond all the rest. "That," said old Lucas, "that is called 'Elfine's Rock.' It used to be called the 'Black Linn,' but owing—" and here he stopped.—"Owing to what?" good Lucas," said I. "Why, sir," replied he, "sit ye down here, and I will tell you the whole story; though it makes me melancholy to think of it," remarked the old man, as he wiped his eyes.

"About twenty years ago, Andrew Hainesford lived in this village. He was a rich man, ay, and a good man to boot. He had two cows, and some pigs, and the best boat for twenty miles about; yet for all that he was not proud; no, he shared his goods with his neighbours, and no one was ever seen to be turned away from his door. Sometimes, to be sure, he was apt to be a little testy or so, but it did not last long, and when once he was convinced that he had been wrong, he frankly owned and begged pardon for his hastiness. But the greatest treasure that Andrew had was his child, his only child, the lovely Elfine Hainesford, the pride of the village. I remember so well," continued the old man, dashing his hand across his eyes, "how

often I used to see her pass by my cottage—her small, slight figure, tripping—her little foot leaving no trace of its airy pressure—her bright eyes' look, so arch and blue—the dimpling smile that would pass over her face, when she saw any one she loved—and her small hat, incapable of hiding the golden ringlets that fell in such rich clusters over her shoulders. She seemed indeed a thing of another world. You may be sure she had her admirers; and the young lord of the castle having heard of her, came and saw her. To see her, was but to love her, and the young lord was so smitten that he at once offered honourable marriage to the fisherman's daughter. It was well he did, for Andrew would not have brooked, what the young lord was in the habit of offering to village damsels. As it was, Andrew was dazzled: to see his Elfine a lady, a grand lady, was far beyond his fondest wishes, or highest hopes, and he eagerly gave his consent. Not so Elfine. She disliked the proud lord, who begged her hand as though he were conferring an honour. Besides, his character was well known—that character of libertinism which too many great ones of the present day fall into. There was another still weightier objection with Elfine. Allan Kennedy was the only son of his

widowed mother. Allan was the handsomest and bravest young man in our part of the world. He was the best of sons, and many's the time when others were at the merry dance, was he toiling away with his nets, to get some little comfort for his poor mother. He was very tall, with dark brown locks curling all over his manly forehead, shading his dark eyes; his smooth cheek glowed with ruddy health. With fearless activity he would climb the steepest rocks, and was said to be the first who had climbed the noted Black Linn, as it was then called. Well, sir," continued old Lucas, "I suppose you have guessed by this time what Elfine's other weighty reason was for not marrying the Lord Rosedale. She and Allan loved each other, and it was the very day before the young lord made his proposals, that Elfine and Allan had sworn, under the large trysting tree, to become man and wife, or not to marry at all. Well, Elfine told her father how the case stood, saying, at the same time, she would never break her promise to Allan. Her father threatened, urged, entreated;—it would not do. Elfine said she would never marry without his consent, but she would never marry any one but Allan. Andrew became furious, Elfine more firm; and it ended in her father's affirming that she should never more darken his doors till she would consent to marry the Earl of Rosedale. 'That I never will do,' cried the poor girl; 'but I could bear it all, if my father had not cursed me, and sent me out of his house.' Nearly all the neighbours offered the houseless Elfy a home, but she would accept none, not even mine, though she considered me as a second father; and no one knows how she subsisted the few days that she was out of her father's house.

"About three days after Andrew had thus harshly dismissed his daughter—he began to be dull in spirit, and to repent of having sent her away—a dreadful storm, such as none in the village ever remembered to have seen before, arose. That large rock, you see, sir," continued Lucas, pointing out a stupendous crag to me—"that large rock between us and 'Elfine's Rock'—was entirely covered with the waves, a circumstance never known before; and just between it and 'Elfine's Rock,' one of the village boats, with four men in it,

was thrown. The whole village was out watching the boat, for even the most sanguine amongst us believed it could never clear itself. The women were shrieking and crying, for four men out of such a village were no trifle. The whole place was in an uproar. We were all placed on the top of 'Elfine's Rock,' and the crew had succeeded in fastening the boat to an iron ring in that middle crag; but there was no chance of their being saved, unless some one should descend by Elfine's Rock—run across some sand that you see there, sir—get the rope—run back again, and up Elfine's Rock, that the boat may be drawn to land. But who was there that would do this? The sea ran mountains high—every wave dashed half way up the cliff—the wind blew a hurricane. I never remember such a night. Even the boldest man's heart quailed. The only one who, it was imagined, might have ventured down the rock was Allan Kennedy; but he was ill in bed, and how was he to get to the boat, when every wave went over the spot which he must cross? Destruction seemed inevitable, when, suddenly, a light female figure darted through the crowd, and, before it could be seen who it was, had passed half way down the fearful edge. 'Elfine Hainesford! Elfine, come back! You will be lost!' shouted the seamen; but she still kept on.—'My child! My Elfine!' cried her father.

"By this time the noble girl had fearlessly won her way down to a ledge of the rock, which has since fallen off. Standing on that hazardous projection, she seemed a being of another world; her long fair hair, floating with every blast, and her white arms clinging to the cliff. There she stood, on that fearful pinnacle, half to recover breath, and half to catch the sounds of her father's voice. 'My child! my child!' shouted he; 'come back! oh, come back! my sweet Elfine, and I will forgive you all!'—she stopped, half irresolute, and he redoubled his cries; but she heard a wail from the boat; and, shaking her head, she again proceeded on her descent. The sea became more and more furious; the roaring of the wind, the cries of the father, and of the relations of those who were in the boat—the distant growling of the thunder—were terrific and appalling.

"The noble Elfine regarded nought,



but proceeded with fearful rapidity, now springing from one crag on to another, now lost in the thickening foam, and now seen hanging on some jutting point, till at last she came to a large platform of the rock, nearly at the bottom. All was as still now as before it had been tempestuous. We watched in breathless silence the descent of the fearless girl, and even the sea became half hushed and still, as though astonished at the sight, while the wind whistled in low and sullen murmurs. Elfine took advantage of this calm; and, with the swiftness of a bird, she darted across the now dry sand, and gained the rock. The men in the boat had for some time been anxiously watching her proceedings. With ready hand they threw her the rope, and the next instant she was back on the ledge. But the calm lasted only for a moment, and now the sea raged with greater fury. With breathless anxiety we watched, as slowly and feebly, exhausted by her efforts, she endeavoured to gain the upper ledge. She had fastened the rope round her waist; and as the waves came and went, they seemed as though they would drag her with them. She gained the ledge, and sat on it, weary and exhausted. The spray of every wave came over the spot; and it was soon apparent to every eye, that unless she exerted her utmost speed, she would be washed off. Suddenly we beheld her cling to the rock, and then, with stupefied horror, we saw, that the ledge was tottering beneath her slight weight. 'You must leave the rope, and come up, or you will be lost!' was shouted by us above. She shook her head; and, holding herself firmly by one hand, she proceeded with the other to draw in the rope, as the waves brought the boat nearer. Should she remain five minutes longer, all must be over! 'My child! my child!' again cried her father; 'come up! for the love of heaven,

come up! for the memory of her who bore you, I will forgive you! remain no longer! Yes, you shall marry Allan, if you will but come up! you shall marry Allan to-morrow!'—With a cry of joy, Elfine, as she heard her father say this, put her foot on another crag, to ascend, half undoing the rope round her waist. One of the women whose husband was in the boat, seeing her thus hesitating, uttered a piercing shriek. 'Oh, Elfine! Elfine Hainesford! save my husband! save him! Shall I lose him, just as I am about to make him a father!' and the wretched woman sank on the ground insensible. Again, Elfine was on the ledge. No entreaties moved her. Slowly and steadily she drew in the rope; and then, when long enough, she threw it up to some young men who had ventured down to a ledge near her. 'She is safe! She is safe!' groaned the wretched father; 'Oh, is she not safe?'—'Oh, yes, she is safe! she is safe!' burst from the crowd.

"The boat by this time had been drawn in, out of danger, and we were all preparing to help Elfine, when a loud cry escaped her; and, following her finger, we saw an immense breaker approaching. The ledge was giving way beneath her! Oh, God, I shall never forget that moment! she made one desperate spring, but the ledge had given way. We saw her clasp her hands in convulsive agony—she gave a last look at her distracted parent—one single cry of 'Oh, God, protect my father! and then all was over, all was over!'

The old man was for some time completely overcome. "That point," at last he said, in a broken voice, "that point where you see the cross—it is under that cross that Allan Kennedy and Elfine Hainesford lie. Not far from it is the grave of Andrew Hainesford, and Allan's widowed mother."

## GARLANDS AND GREY HAIRS.

VERY different are the associations called up by the words which are here written. Each one is a volume—but how opposite in spirit! The first opening its perfumed pages, glittering with all the decorations of taste,

—the other exhibiting the plain and worn appearance of the moralist's missal or the hermit's tome. We hardly know which has the more immediate power over our sympathies and imagination. There is a graceful

## FATALITY; OR, M'CARTHY OF MUCRUSS.

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The power that ministers to God's decrees,  
And executes on Earth what He forsecs—  
Called Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,  
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.  
DRYDEN.

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EVERY tourist who has visited the Lakes of Killarney, must have been charmed with the romantic and beautiful scenery in which is embosomed the venerable abbey of Mucruss, or Irrelagh.\* This abbey, according to tradition, was founded by one M'Carthy More, in 1440, and dedicated by him to St. Francis. Decay, which preys so rudely on all the works of man, has wrought on this sacred structure by such almost imperceptible gradations, that it appears "touched, but not conquered, by destroying time." There is, however, one circumstance which gives to this abbey a horrible and revolting character: I allude to the indecent custom of using the choir as an indiscriminate sepulchre; here the dead are piled in heaps, and such are the effluvia produced by the accumulated mass of

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\* *i. e.* on the Lakes.

mortality, that at certain seasons of the year it is dangerous, if not fatal, to approach the abbey. Sir John Carr thus speaks of this extraordinary practice:—"So loaded with contagion is the air of this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the owner to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values life, not to enter this abbey."

There is a sad tale respecting a descendant of the above M'Carthy More, which I will relate as nearly as I can recollect, having heard it from an old man who acted as my *cicerone* on my visit to the Lakes. It was the festival of St. Francis, the patron saint of the venerable abbey of Mucruss, when M'Carthy More, the last descendant of its original founder, accompanied by Mora, his young and beautiful wife, joined the throng of pea-

santry, who regularly on that day assemble to pay their devotions at the shrine of their beatified protector. Nothing could exceed the contrast which presented itself, between the rich beauty of the surrounding landscape and the dark solemnity which brooded within the consecrated pile: without, all nature was glowing in the unclouded brilliancy of a July noon, which, in the immediate vicinity of the abbey, was softened and shadowed by the rich masses of lime, ash, and horse-chestnut spreading their luxuriant and grateful foliage as a timely shelter to the wearied pilgrims. Within the abbey all was dim, silent, and sepulchral. The youthful Mora pressed closer to the arm of her husband, as they entered its gloomy precincts; a chill shuddering crept over her frame, but she looked up to his encouraging smile, and repressed the vague sensation of horror, that, like a spirit's warning, shook her inmost soul. In the meekness of piety and innocence they knelt before the ministering priest, and angels might have listened to the confession of their guileless hearts. Born amid the beautiful scenery of the Lakes, they had seldom wandered from their peaceful retreat; their lives had passed unmarked by care; and, from being playfellows in childhood, they grew up to lovers, till at length their fates became irrevocably united. The white-haired pastor blessed the happy pair with paternal benignity. Evening was approaching when they left the abbey, and proceeded through the neighbouring wood to the Hill of Drumaouk: there, seated on the decaying trunk of a fallen tree, they looked down on the lake, which lay at the foot of the mountain, in all the beauty of repose. The religious ceremony in which they had so recently engaged, united with the tender charm which ever hallows and refines the approach of eve, combined to infuse into their souls a tender melancholy: silent, with their hands clasped in each other, they needed not the aid of words to communicate the unutterable affection which swelled their bosoms, and filled the soft blue eyes of Mora with tears, more sweet, more eloquent, than were even her smiles. At length M'Carthy broke the silence.

"If I were superstitious, my own Mora, I should have regarded as ominous your

sudden agitation on entering the abbey. Do you know, love, this day has always been considered fatal to the family of M'Carthy: as our legends say, my paternal ancestor reared yonder pile in expiation of some crime committed by him on the festival of St. Francis; and from that period any great or unexpected calamity has invariably befallen on the anniversary of that day. But, dearest, we can disprove the tradition: was it not on this day I became the happiest of mortals? it was on this day our lovely boy was born; and now, my beloved, on this day is there on earth a pair more blessed than ourselves?"

"Then, my love," replied Mora, "if this day is to be in aught distinguished, shall we not rather say that the festival of St. Francis is to us an epoch of felicity?"

M'Carthy smiled with fondness on his sweet wife, but insensibly relapsing into seriousness, continued:—"I have been thinking, Mora, that I should not die in peace with the knowledge that my remains must consume amid the loathsome relics of yonder abbey: when I die, Mora—nay, my own love, look not so sadly; I may, which God avert, live to consign your angel-form to the silent grave; but, should you survive, promise me, my Mora, that my tomb shall be beneath the light of the glorious heavens; a grassy spot over which the free winds may lightly sweep, nor you, dearest, turn with disgust from the last resting place of your husband; nay, far rather would I lie entombed 'neath the blue waters of the lake, than moulder in a noisome cemetery. But I am distressing you, love, with my gloomy fancies; why talk I of death, when all is life and happiness?"

"Look!" said Mora, "at that light skiff; how gracefully she glides over the smooth bosom of the lake! Such, M'Carthy, so calm, so bright has hitherto been *our* destiny; and, oh! may its close be alike fortunate! That little boat shall be our type, my love."

Scarcely had she spoken, when, from the unskilfulness of the boatman who guided the frail bark, it was suddenly upset, and its passengers, consisting chiefly of females, plunged into the lake. Pale—transfixed with horror and pity,

Mora stood gazing on the sudden destruction of that which, in her fond enthusiasm, she had proposed as a symbol of her own fate: a fearful presentiment came over her; she trembled with universal agitation: the same undefined apprehension of evil, which had so unaccountably pervaded her in the abbey, returned with increased power.

M'Carthy hesitated but a moment; he looked alternately at his fainting wife, and at the struggling sufferers: "Instant assistance might preserve them, and I am so good a swimmer"—he was already descending the hill, when the voice of Mora arrested his steps: "Go not, M'Carthy!" she almost shrieked, "remember the tradition!" But the brave youth was not to be withheld from the duties of humanity. "There is no danger, dearest; in a short time I will return to you:"—then, as if a fearful presage had suddenly crossed his imagination, he looked for an instant mournfully and passionately on the weeping Mora; then sprang forward, whilst the words, "My wife! my child!" just reached her ear, faint and indistinct as the accents of a dream.

In a few moments, she beheld M'Carthy plunge into the lake, and in an inconceivably short period bear to the shore one of the drowning females; one, and then another, were rescued from a watery grave, until all were saved, excepting an aged man, the father of the party, who had steadily refused assistance until he saw his children in safety. Twice had he sunk, but danger gave him activity, and he had twice arisen to the surface. M'Carthy approached him: he was again sinking, but the voice of succour roused him, and he still struggled with his fate. "Courage! courage!" shouted M'Carthy, "an instant more, and you are safe;" the next moment he was at the side of the sufferer—he attempted to support the old man with one hand, whilst with the other he directed their course; but death was already dealing with the object of his solicitude. The fright, the unaccustomed exertion, and the length of time he had been in the water, brought on convulsive cramps: in his agony he flung his arms around the legs of M'Carthy, and clung to him with the frightful energy of a death-

grasp. M'Carthy at once was sensible of his own danger; he felt the increasing weight of the old man, and knew that longer to attempt his preservation was useless; his own life must now be struggled for, and life to M'Carthy was indeed valuable. He strove to disengage his fettered limbs, but in vain. Madly he plunged beneath the waters—then rose again,—but still the terrible grasp relaxed not its dreadful pressure. M'Carthy's previous exertions had diminished his strength; without speedy assistance he felt he had not a chance of safety—and there were none to help! The boatman was conducting the shivering females to the nearest shelter, and none beheld his unavailing efforts but his wretched Mora. She saw the full extent of his danger, and every hope was lost—her shriek, long and reiterated, broke on the stillness of the closing day, wild, startling as the scream of distraction. The miserable husband heard her; once more he beheld her, as, standing on the margin of the lake in hopeless agony, she extended her arms towards him—again he heard the thrilling accents of her despair, as she called on him in whose existence her own seemed blended.

"Mora! Mora!" he frantically exclaimed, and raised himself above the closing waters—but Mora could not aid. Oh, God! the inexpressible bitterness of that thought—he was dying! dying in the sight of her who would most gladly have given her life for his. A faint sickness came over him, but again the shriek of Mora recalled his fleeting senses—once more she saw him rise—once more she heard him call on her for life—but it was the last effort of his great despair: he raised his arms towards her, and all was over—the dark waters met above his head, and closed over him for ever! The broad circle where he had disappeared gradually lessened, and soon there was neither speck nor line to mark where the mighty struggle for life had so fatally terminated!

The wretched Mora awoke to sense, to consciousness; and in her mortal anguish she prayed to die—but her trials were not yet accomplished. The body of M'Carthy was never found, and the lake became, indeed, his sepulchre. Thus closed the festival of St. Francis!

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Two years after this event, the child of M'Carthy died of an epidemic disorder which devastated the neighbourhood of Mucruss. The grief of Mora became insanity; but she retained sufficient perception to be sensible that her child was interred in the Abbey—the last words of her husband haunted her imagination, and she resolved to remove his boy from the dreary mausoleum. It was again the Eve of St. Francis, when, alone, at midnight, guided by the light of a taper, Mora entered the mansion of death—but

the fœtid vapours, and the dreadful gloom, were two powerful for her shaken intellects and enfeebled frame.—At morn she was found extended on the coffin of her child: death, for which she had so long languished, had fallen like slumber on her wearied heart. With religious care her sorrowing friends removed her remains from the Abbey, and a willow, planted beside the lake, shews where repose the wife and child of M'Carthy.

MARY ANNE PROWSE.

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## FERDINANDO.

"I did never think to marry."

THE most accomplished of Spanish cavaliers was the Senor Don Ferdinando Sebastian Manuel de Torquemada. Smile not at this lengthy cognomen, most gentle readers, for I have given you rather an abridgment than the whole of the Senor's noble name. In fact, Don Ferdinando was well content to be thus abridged; for, not being accommodated with more than the usual stock of patience, he would infallibly have broken into the midst of his blushing honours with "*Buona matina Senor*," had any adventurous mortal presumed to address him in the style to which his more illustrious and less impatient ancestors had graciously lent their willing ears.

What, after all, is a name? My fair readers, you will respond (that is, if you are unmarried, you will agree with me), what is a name? Now, in the white simplicity of truth, is either of you the proprietress of a name which she would not willingly exchange? But Don Ferdinando had no objection to his name, nor would you, we dare vouch, aforesaid beautiful and benignant *déeses*; for Ferdinando was the very pink "of fashion, and the mould of form:" so said the best judges, to wit, his worshipful tailor, and the ladies of Seville. Amid this galaxy of excellences came one fault, like an envious cloud, obscuring the lustre of his otherwise dazzling effulgence—*only* one fault! Doubt not the boldness of the assertion; for had he possessed more than one, there were numerous *Donnas* of a "certain age," and a superabundance of undergrown, unmatchable *Dons*, who would quickly have made the discovery. What then was Don Ferdinando's fault? He was more brave than Hercules, more beautiful than Apollo, more gracious than the breath of his own sweet south. Yet, to shew how difficult it is for mortal man to be entirely perfect, came his single fault as a counterpoise—he did not love! Incredible! exclaim all my readers—Monstrous!—not love! No; it is a melancholy truth, that he was insensible to

the heaviest artillery of eyes and smiles; nay, even faintings and hysterics had not power to move him; and the beautiful shook their sunny ringlets, and declared him a breathing statue, while the ugly grew tired of watching him, till at length, in all companies, the luckless Don Ferdinando was voted what the English term a bore. The Spaniards have not so significant a term, but one which is in some degree synonymous. Now, when a man is once pronounced a bore—at least, so it was in Andalusia, and so it is in some countries nearer the Pole—he may do as he pleases; and Don Ferdinando found it a much more agreeable state of living as a bore, than as a beau. He was in truth a happy, independent man. No mother at a bull-fight begged him just for an instant to take charge of her timid Isabelle, who, poor dear, was frightened at the crowd, and had such delicate feelings, she was sure to swoon whenever an animal was killed—yet she came! No brother troubled him with civilities which it seemed quite certain would never turn to account; he was, in fine, left "to his own aversion." A blessed life led Don Ferdinando in Seville, that pleasant city, "noted for women and for oranges;" but the Don cared not for either. A blessed life he led while the novelty lasted; he felt himself a free, unshackled man, none daring to make him afraid. But—happiness will tire; he began after a while to grow weary of his privileges; his time was an unclaimed commodity, nobody cared how it was spent, or lost; his presence created no sensation, nor was a single ringletted head gracefully turned to watch his departing. He came and went unheeded—this was too much for the philosophy of twenty-one; he was annoyed, too, at the listless, "Oh, 'tis only Don Ferdinando," when any stranger inquired his name—*only* Don Ferdinando!—he certainly had never reckoned on the ONLY.

I have said that happiness will tire, and this easy life of the Senor's was too



good to last for ever. He began to have serious misgivings about his future state: that is to say, he thought, "How, if when I am laid within the grave, my successor should engrave on my tomb—'Here lies Don Ferdinando Sebastian Manuel de Torquemada, who lived and died—that's all!'—No," said he, ('twas the very place to awaken heroic aspirations; he was pacing the armoury of his ancestral home, where the rust was corroding the polished blades of the trusty toledos, and the spider hung her dusky draperies over many a stately helm and cuirass, that had once encased the valiant persons of his redoubted forefathers)—"No," said Ferdinando; and at the word unsheathed, with some exertion, his great-great-grand-sire's sword—"No," said he, and flourished the weapon around his head in the very ardour of heroism; "I will be a soldier." When a man has an inclination for any particular calling, it is inconceivable how soon he discovers it to be the very thing for which nature has designed him. So it fared with our Ferdinando. He remembered, with some complacency, that he was six feet high—quite a heroic height. From the armoury our hero retired to his study; he had lately taken much to reading, finding rather a scarcity in the way of conversation. O! how his heart throbbed, and his pulses quickened, as he read for the twentieth time the record of an ancestor, and namesake of his own, who, in days gone by, had killed with his own hand more Saracens than his biographer had space to enumerate.

With the calm dignity of resolution, Ferdinando came forth from his retreat to accomplish the necessary preparations for an immediate departure. You may imagine, gentlest reader, that nothing could be more easy for a man, who lived upon his means, than to order his valet to fill his portmanteau, saddle the horses, and ride forth whithersoever it listed him. You are mistaken, Ferdinando had many difficulties which not a little perplexed his noble soul. It is true he had not quite made up his mind respecting the actual service in which he should engage. Unfortunately, his own country was at peace; there was nothing left but to take up arms in some foreign service; but

what matters it for whom or for what he fought—he sought renown, and "the world was all before him where to choose."

I have not told you, reader, that Ferdinando was an orphan; but such was the case—he was the last of his family, with none to love him but a venerable aunt, who had done her utmost to spoil him in his childhood, for which Ferdinando felt he ought to be grateful—he was more than grateful. He loved his fostering relative with the fond attachment which youth ever cherishes towards the kind aged being who has ministered to its early wants, and soothed its infantine cares. There is not in the whole circle of human affections a purer nor a more holy tenderness, increased as it is by the reflection, that the white hairs are daily lessening on the furrowed brow, that the eye is hourly becoming more dim, the voice more tremulous, yet, still amid all the fearful devastation of time, the heart, the true unwearied heart of woman, alike faithful in youth and age, beats only for the cherished object of its care. Some doubts and forebodings came over Ferdinando as he entered the presence of Donna Teresa, her thin trembling hand extended to meet his morning salutation, her feeble steps, as, assisted by his arm, she moved slowly along—he felt she must soon be consigned to her native dust. Was it not selfishness, nay, cruelty, thus, for his own gratification, to accelerate that period—for he knew the affectionate being could not endure the anxiety which his departure must create? A tear, or at least a mistiness, gathered in the hero's eyes; his voice grew very husky: he tried to speak—it would not do. The kind-hearted Donna Teresa discovered that he had a serious cold, and prescribed a remedy. "Hem," said the Don, to shew his strength of lungs; but it was a failure, a short asthmatic "hem."—"Oh! it is very alarming," said the Donna—"your siesta yesterday in the open pavilion." Things grew worse and worse: the youth was overcome. "It would kill her at once to say I must leave her"—difficulties gathered around him—"I must think awhile in solitude," said he. Now the solitude our hero chose for his meditations was just such a solitude as a

youth of some twenty-one years might delight to frequent. About half a league from Seville, embosomed in an old, old wilderness of trees, stood, or rather decayed, the noble mansion of the Senor Don Esperanza, the friend and companion of the sire of Ferdinando. What could be more natural than that Ferdinando should love the friend of his father?—What more natural than that a young man, warm, impetuous, and ardent, should delight in the society of an old grandee, cold, stately, and reserved? At least such was the reason assigned by Don Ferdinando for his frequent visits to the Senor Don Esperanza, to whom he went as usual to consult in this dilemma. The old gentleman said, that if he could escape being killed, a few years of service would be of great advantage to his young friend. “And should he be killed,” said the Donna Violetta, a beautiful dark-eyed houri of seventeen, with a face as glorious as the morning, and a most “bewildering smile”—“should the Senor be killed, my father, it would be a death of honour; and his friends ought rather to rejoice.”—Now, Don Ferdinando saw nothing so particularly agreeable even in “a death of honour;” nor did he think it peculiarly amiable that the beautiful Violetta should take it so complacently. “Well,” he said, (that is to say, he thought) “I never liked her, and she is to-day more than commonly disagreeable; I wonder any one can think her handsome,”—and he looked at her for a few seconds in order to satisfy himself she was not so. The lady bore his gaze with the utmost indifference: sometimes the saucy eyes, just raised for an instant from the embroidery on which she was losing her time, said most eloquently the same thing he had at many a tertulia heard from her rosy lips—“Oh, it is only Don Ferdinando!”—Again the fringed lids veiled the saucy eyes, and the Don looked more and more disquieted.

Battles and sieges occupied by turns the busy imagination of the Senor as he returned to his stately home and its venerable inhabitant; but amidst the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” a vision of the scornful Violetta, with her impertinent nonchalance, came to perplex and disturb his nobler meditations. And

here, fair and gentle readers, indulge me with your attention whilst I remark, that howsoever any man, or, “not to speak it profanely,” any woman, may affect to treat all the world with indifference, let but a small portion of the contempt or unheedingness of their acquaintance wound their own self-love, and it is astonishing how quickly indifference will become anger, hatred, or, in extreme cases, love—mark but the sequel. The Donna Teresa ardently desired to see her nephew give to the world an earnest of his wish not to be the last of his race—she wished him married, and so, she suspected, did Donna Violetta, in spite of the dont-careishness of her manner. The Senor Esperanza had likewise the warmest admiration of his young friend’s noble estates; and, thinking him a desirable son-in-law, the intimation of his passion for warfare proved most alarming intelligence. However, seeming to approve, he secretly determined that Ferdinando should not escape him, and, as a necessary preliminary, he took an early occasion to apprise Donna Teresa of her nephew’s unchristian resolution. Surprised, grieved, and agitated, the distressed lady knew not what plan to devise, till at length, as by chance, the crafty Senor mentioned his daughter; and both agreed, that, with so powerful an auxiliary, there was a probability of success; but they had some doubt of her acquiescence—she was proud to an unusual degree, self-willed, witty, and withal an acknowledged beauty. With these rare accomplishments they might reasonably doubt if she would descend to practise petty arts, to obtain a thing in her eyes so utterly insignificant as an added lover to her already numerous list. So argued the aged pair, in their ignorance of the human heart—that is, of a young lady’s heart. They knew not that Ferdinando’s indifference to her charms had often awakened wrathful emotions in the bosom of the haughty Violetta: it was an insult which she felt it her duty to revenge; and, to do her justice, she never doubted her power to accomplish so desirable an object: but when, with agitated heart and a faltering voice, the Donna Teresa implored her for the sake of humanity, for *her* sake, who could not survive the departure of her beloved ne-

phew, to avert so heavy a calamity, Violetta assumed a grave countenance, and disclaimed the unfeminine task; until, won by the tears and supplications of the aged lady, she finally suffered herself to be persuaded to *attempt* a conquest she had long since determined to *achieve*. With this understanding the allies separated.

In the mean time the unsuspecting Ferdinando put himself in regular training for a hero—he fenced, he shot at a target; he spent his days in the most laborious military exercises, his nights in wakeful study. He resolved, however, to spare his kind aunt the pain of anticipating his departure, and deferred until that period the unwelcome tidings. He neglected not to visit his friendly neighbour, where he generally saw Donna Violetta—*saw* her is the proper phrase, for she was never inclined to favour him with any share of her conversation. She appeared to class him with the tables and couches—his being a locomotive animal did not appear to her a reason sufficient to induce her to assign him a higher rank in the scale of things. The difference in her behaviour to himself and other young cavaliers struck him as peculiar: witty, gay, and fascinating, her presence shed a charm on all who came within its attractive influence; “round her she made an atmosphere of light:” but this sunny atmosphere was never allowed to irradiate the now somewhat melancholy Ferdinando. It may excite surprise that he should have continued to visit a lady who appeared so sedulously to avoid his civilities; but such is the contradictory nature of love. He had been petted and spoiled by fashionable society, whose conquests were too easy to be worth achieving; nay, even when that society gave itself no farther care respecting him, he knew that with the slightest advance on his part he should again be its idol. But with Violetta the case was far different; her wit, her talents, and her surpassing loveliness, rendered her an object worthy his pursuit, and he firmly resolved, by his assiduity, to vanquish her mortifying indifference. It was, he confessed to himself, a difficult task; he might have overcome anger, scorn, or dislike, but indifference perplexed him. The lady beheld his

struggles, and triumphed in the success of her device: but, unconsciously, she began to take an interest in the love-stricken youth—an interest which daily increased, until she felt that if he did not “propose,” she would have a very low opinion of his taste. A word of civility adroitly applied, an occasional assent to his arguments, raised Don Ferdinando’s hopes so high, that he one morning resolved to bring his fate to a crisis, and requested an audience of his fair enslaver.

Reader, I wish I could write in the upholstery-line, because I would fain describe the furniture of the apartment into which, his heart throbbing with the alternate agitations of hope and fear, Ferdinando was ushered to receive the fiat of his destiny. Will you fancy, reader, a glorious assemblage of couches and drapery, rich china vases, and sunny portraits of angelic loveliness; and, far surpassing in beauty the most perfect specimens of the painter’s skill, the beautiful Violetta, like the presiding deity of the whole. Alas! I have yet another cause for regret. Oh! that I had been, I will not say born, but bred, a man-milliner, or at the least, a tailor!—then might I hope to describe, what to me is now, and I fear must ever remain, an awful mystery—the texture and the fashion of man and woman’s garments. I am filled with admiration whenever I read a fashionable novel; the apartments so well furnished; the ladies so exquisitely “draped” (I believe that’s the term), and the gentlemen “so point-device in their accoutrements,” that the very room, and the very ladies and gentlemen, are before you. For want of the technicals, I must simply say, that the Don and Donna were attired as best befits high birth and gentle breeding; richly of course, for they were proud; and fashionably, no doubt, for both were young and beautiful. I wish also I could do justice to the wooing of these young lovers: on the Don’s side it was a mixture of shame and love, struggling with his long-cherished passion for liberty, and almost ready to divide and go “to buffets” with himself for being in very deed so absurd. The Donna was, as usual, self-possessed, graceful, and bewitching; but her colour was rather heightened, and there was a degree of triumph in her

large, antelope eyes, hardly to be repressed by a studied humility, evidently "got up" for the occasion—she seemed *condescending to be loved*. In common with most ladies of high birth, Violetta had a variety of *protégés*: birds and dogs were her chief favourites. One of the latter species—a silken-haired, brown-eyed spaniel of extraordinary minuteness—enjoyed at present a large portion of her notice. Whilst Ferdinando was preparing his most moving eloquence, the little animal sat on the arm of his fair mistress, regarding him with a curious gaze, as if inquiring his business. Now, the lovely Violetta having thought proper to assume nearly the same expression of countenance, it was a serious trial for a modest and embarrassed man to commence his oration. He did speak, however; but the riddle of the Sphinx was not more difficult of solution than was the face of his remorseless fair one. At length the apprehension of a refusal wrought him up to the highest pitch of his rhetoric: he implored, he wept, he knelt to his inflexible deity. The imitative Zaida (which was the name of the canine favourite) had been taught by her mistress an attitude somewhat resembling: no sooner, therefore, was the Don kneeling at Violetta's feet, than the spaniel leaped down beside him, and, resting on her hinder-legs, while she held up her fore-paws in the manner of intreaty, began a gentle whine in concert with Ferdinando's earnest supplications. At this sight it would have been impossible even for the most serious of young ladies to preserve the resemblance of gravity: what, then, must have been its effects on Violetta, who had never assumed the slightest pretensions to the character of a "serious young lady?" She was absolutely convulsed with laughter, which not even her attachment to Ferdinando, nor still more her sense of good-breeding, could enable her to restrain. Had the earth opened beneath his feet; had the forked lightning struck on his unsheltered brow; had, in short, any terrible and unheard-of calamity befallen our hero, he would have found it more endurable than this utter abasement. In an agony of shame, he sprang to his feet and rushed from the apartment. It had been by no means Violetta's intention to

lose her lover by this awkward coincidence of tastes between him and her spaniel. She feared, and justly, that his mortification would lead him, not to do wilful murder on his own person, but to remove himself from the scene of his humiliation. The Senora judged rightly: frantic with shame, the undone Ferdinando sought his home with a maniac impetuosity. After giving to his servant a few hasty directions, and leaving a farewell for his aunt, he flung himself on his favourite Arabian, and, throwing the reins on her neck, she bounded forward with the swiftness of the wind. The Arabian being in a much more exalted frame of mind than her master, appeared to enjoy this almost freedom of volition. She vaulted over obstacles; she neighed aloud in the exuberance of her delight; and, finally, by an extraordinary elevation of her hinder-legs, precipitated her luckless rider to the ground. Ferdinando's servant, who was spurring his steed to overtake his impetuous master, did not arrive in time to behold his unexpected prostration, but quite in time to find him senseless on the ground, with the blood gushing from a large wound in his temple. Uncertain how to act—whether to return to the castle for assistance, or to await the chance of any passing traveller—the alarmed servant stood irresolutely gazing on what he supposed the dead body of his lord; and Ferdinando's minutes might have been but few, but at this juncture the state-carriage of Don Esperanza, drawn by large horses of the Andalusian breed, appeared. The old Don halted at the sight of the wounded traveller, in whom, to his dismay, he recognized his intended son-in-law; while, at the same instant, a heart-piercing shriek announced that the Donna Violetta had made a similar discovery. And here—though for the honour of the sex I must declare, that she did really shriek—the truth obliges me to add, that she neither fainted nor went into an hysteric; but *she* was a hard-hearted young maiden, and I am not proposing her conduct as an example to you, my dear countrywomen. Your more susceptible hearts would have broken at such a sight of horror. The strange Violetta sprang from the carriage, tore up her kerchief to staunch the bleeding wound, held her smelling-bottle to the

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nose of her hapless lover, and, pale as the whitest marble, watched in silent agony the result of her applications. After a time, a scarcely-heard sigh proclaimed that life was not utterly extinct.

By slow degrees Ferdinando was removed to the carriage, and conveyed to the abode of Don Esperanza; and now the volatile and scornful Violetta appeared to have changed her nature, whilst, like an angel of health and peace, she hovered around the sick couch of Ferdinando, who, from the fall and the previous agitation of his spirits, was attacked by a violent fever.

To account for the providential arrival of Don Esperanza and his daughter, at the scene of Ferdinando's downfall, it may be necessary to observe, that immediately

after his abrupt departure from his mistress, she, in the perplexity of her heart, informed her sire of his misadventure. He, like a reasonable father, sharply rebuked his giddy child for her unseasonable levity, and insisted on her accompanying him to offer an apology to the justly-incensed Ferdinando. Destiny delights in setting at nought all human speculations. Who could have thought that Ferdinando, with a broken head, and his arm in a sling, pale and languid from sickness, would have been the accepted lover of the beautiful Violetta—when Ferdinando, in the full pride of health and beauty, was laughed into desperation? Yet so it was, my readers: the reason you will please to find for yourselves.

MARY ANNE PROWSE.

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FRANCISCO DE SALMAZEDA.

*By the Author of "Claremont," "Scenes of Life," "The Apotheosis of Pitt," &c.*

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"YES, I am proud to acknowledge the merit of your nation, its integrity, its faith, its generous hospitality: your men—the higher class, I mean—are firm, dignified, and gallant, in their bearing; and your women are—very beautiful!"

"Ah! that cadence—*very beautiful!* that polite cadence is a tremendous qualifier. If I understand you correctly, you mean to say that our English women are pretty creatures—very well to look at, and to think of, and to talk about, but as for soul—"

"Pardon me, Captain Seymour, I doubt not their spiritual more than I doubt their material excellence. Let my opinion have justice. You know I visited, and sojourned in your metropolis—have acquired your language, have observed your manners, have even studied your national character—"

"And the result—"

"The result is—I must repeat it—I respect, esteem, and honour your men, and I exceedingly admire your women;

but, like all the rest of human nature, they are neither of them perfect. Your women are beautiful; yet, though their features are lovely, their forms exquisite, they possess not the fascinating grace of motion—the fire-flashing, soul-thrilling eye—the melting tenderness—the deep and passionate expression, by which our Spanish daughters of the sun are, above those of all other nations—not even the Italian excepted—pre-eminently distinguished. And, as for your men—they are, as I have said, brave and generous, noble and dignified, possessing a lofty and delicate sense of honour, such as might animate the bosom of a Spaniard; but, are they—are they, in reality, capable of love?"

A smile curved the lip of Seymour, as, for a moment, Francisco seemed to pause for a reply.

"That smile," resumed Francisco, "seems to imply your belief in the affirmative; yet *I* must be permitted to doubt. Of the blood of Englishmen—in all, at



least, that appertains to love—I should say it creeps and curdles rather than that it boils, and foams, and runs riot through their veins. If you indeed loved your women—loved them as we love—if passion ever held dominion over your hearts—could you tamely suffer that free and general acquaintance, which, in your mixed societies, universally prevails? An English lover, an English husband, hesitates not to resign for a whole evening, for a whole day, the object of his affection to the charge of almost any indifferent person, with far less reluctance than he would accord the loan of a favourite horse, or brace of pointers, to his most intimate friend. Can such men love?”

“Ay, firmly, deeply, devotedly. If I might be excused the egotism, or the national boast, I would say, the Englishman is as heroic in love as he is in war: he speaks little, but he feels much, and he acts from the power and permanence of his feeling. And herein is the praise and the glory of our women: they are chaste, they are constant, they are faithful, they love on till the death. Deem not that their hearts are cold, because their manners—I am constrained to allow it—are sometimes chilling; deem not that they are passionless, because they parade not their love; and, above all, mistake not our reposing confidence in their truth, for a lifeless, heartless disregard of their affection.”

“And think you, Seymour, that woman is at all times to be thus lightly trusted?”

“And think you, Salmazeda, that woman is unworthy of confidence—that she will not respect the confidence which is reposed in her—that she will be less true to her own and her husband’s honour from the knowledge that that husband regards her as deserving of the sacred trust? Here it is that foreigners often fail in their estimate of our character. An Englishman lives not to the world; his home is his paradise; it is there that man enjoys himself—there that woman triumphs—there that fervid passion worships its own idol—there that the holiest affections of the heart are poured forth in all their richness, in all their purity and depth.”

Let not the reader think it strange that sentiments like these should emanate from the heart of a young British officer. Sey-

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mour was the scion of a noble stock. Though devoted, from early youth, to the arduous duties of the “tented field,” he had not, in other respects, passed an idle or unobservant life; and, without impugning his professional merit, it may be truly said, that the practice of war had taught him to love peace. When unengaged in the more active pursuits of a soldier, there was a fine repose in his character which seldom failed to excite an interest lively and permanent.

“I regard not,” he continued, “the thousand common places that are quoted from our poets—from the poets of all nations—respecting the fickleness, the inconstancy, the infidelity of woman. It is true, she may not be impeccable; but, I must take leave to affirm, that, when she violates the virtues or the decencies of life, the violation forms not the rule, but the exception to the rule. In a thousand cases to one, I would stake my life upon her constancy.”

“Ha! ha! You are a warm, if not an able champion of the sex—especially of your own fair countrywomen,” exclaimed Francisco.

“Ah, would that I were a convincing, as well as a sincere advocate! I could wish you to comprehend the nature of that free and open association which you now seem to despise—to be sensible of the intellectual charm which the removal of all undue restraint diffuses over society—to know and to feel, that, whilst we make woman a participant in all our pleasures, it is by the mutual confidence which we repose in each other, by the influence of mind upon mind, as well as of heart upon heart, that we secure and render permanent the sweet affections of woman. And surely, as far as pleasure alone is concerned, your recent converse with the French—enemies though they are—must have taught you the value—”

“What!” rejoined Francisco, his dark eye flashing with sudden rage; “think you that I would bear—think you that I would suffer the hand of my Isabel—”

Seymour involuntarily started at the name of Isabel; and the quick emotion was marked by Francisco, the expression of whose features changed, as he reiterated—

“Think you that I would suffer the  
I

hand of my Isabel to be polluted by the rude unhallowed touch of a Frenchman! No, by the bright heaven that shines above us, I would strike the insulter to the earth, and trample on his corse! Remember your own Moor—the ‘fiery Moor’—‘the Moor of Venice!’ Take me not for a tame, cold islander of the north, but learn that I, too, am a Moor—that the blood of a thousand Moorish princes rushes boiling from my heart—that I would steep my poignard in the life-blood of the man who should dare to stand between me and the object of my love, were it only for a moment.”

The naturally frank, open, and benevolent countenance of Francisco de Salmazeda had assumed a dark, wild, and ferocious aspect—his large full eye glared fiercely upon Seymour, as the latter, with the quick and sensitive consciousness of unmerited insult, had placed his hand upon his sword, and half drawn it from its sheath. Fortunately, at the instant were seen approaching through a distant walk of the garden in which this conversation had occurred, Isidro, the younger brother of Francisco, accompanied by Isabel de Casalla, the rich and beautiful ward of their father. The parties met, and the incipient—almost bursting—storm was hushed.

The *casa de campo*, or mansion of Don Pedro de Salmazeda, was delightfully situated at Debeaga, the suburb of Burgos, from which that city is divided by the Arlanzon. Of this almost princely residence, the extensive gardens and pleasure grounds were laid out in the finest taste. Here a thick embowering grove afforded shelter from the burning heat of a noon-day sun—there, forming the terminus of a deep and lengthened vista, some beautiful statue caught the eye—in various directions, jets of living water were seen flashing and sparkling through the interstices of fresh and verdant foliage; and, as it were, to soothe and harmonize the spirit, the roar of a distant waterfall broke in gentle murmurs on the ear. As an elysium of the evening hour, when the stroke of the vesper bell from the adjoining convent of St. Augustin mellowed in the air—when the queen of heaven rode forth in all her glory—this demesne—another “fairy land of fancy”—became,

if possible, still more attractive. All was soft, serene, and holy. In some of its minor *agréments*, the enchanting scene had suffered, during the occupation of the town by the French; but, in general effect, its beauty remained unimpaired—it could not have been heightened, even by the creating hand of Repton.

It was at this enviable retreat that Captain Seymour, of the — regiment, was quartered, soon after the retreat of the enemy from Burgos, in the year 1813. The family of Don Pedro, a venerable old man verging on his eightieth year, consisted of himself, his two sons, Francisco and Isidro, and his ward, the lady Isabel de Casalla. Don Pedro was a lineal descendant from the Moorish kings of Spain, and in Francisco, the heir of his house, all the fierce and fiery qualities of its eastern origin were apparent. With the evil of his character much good was mingled. Impetuous and vengeful in his disposition, he was also brave and generous, forgiving and confiding. He had travelled much, he had studied much; his mind had been enlarged, his manners meliorated, by a general acquaintance with the world. Isabel had long been his affianced bride; and he loved her with an intensity of passion bordering upon madness. No wonder, therefore, at the wild burst of feeling which he betrayed, on witnessing the emotion of Seymour, at the casual mention of her name.

Love, however, is not always the sole occupant of an ardent bosom. Salmazeda, when in Paris, some years before, had participated in all the splendid scenes of that gay, and—as it was then justly designated—guilty city; the mysteries of the Palais Royal, in all their grades of infamy, were familiar to his eye, as “household words” to his ear; and, if his heart were not actually polluted by crime, he was indebted for his preservation rather to the native strength of his mind, than to the propriety of his conduct in endeavouring to shun the snares of the tempter. His grand object was to see and to study life, in its various classes; but it was impossible for him to remain, in every instance, a merely passive and philosophical spectator. Who can pass through the fire unscathed? Who can quaff the Circean cup, and his blood remain untainted?

Francisco was *not* a spectator only ; he was a prominent actor in many an unhallowed scene ; and detesting, as from his inmost soul he did detest, the general character of the French, he yet, at times, plunged deep into the nightly orgies of the most desperate adventurers, male and female, with which France was infested. And there was one vice—one lamentable vice—to which, in no slight degree, he fell a victim. It can hardly be necessary to say, that that vice was gaming. His purse suffered extensively—his mind did not wholly escape contamination ; and an unconquerable love of play proved to him the poisonous source of many a pang, of many an after-hour of deep and bitter remorse.

From Paris, Salmazeda travelled through Germany, and thence to London, where, as well as at Vienna, and other chief cities of the Continent, his besetting sin pursued him. Returning to his paternal home, the passion languished—was dormant, as it were—for a time. He found his Isabel, his destined bride, matured in youthful beauty, resplendent in every polite and rare accomplishment, rich in virtue and the highest intellectual attainments. His imagination was dazzled—his mind was overpowered—his boyish affection was renewed with a mighty, a resistless, an absorbing force, which none but those who have truly loved can appreciate. What an untouched mine of happiness seemed to offer itself to his possession ! Yes ! and in that treasure of the soul, though yet only in prospective, his every hope, his every thought, was centred. She—she, the beloved one—was his vision of brightness by day, his dream of glory by night.

But, independently of the disturbed state of the country, family circumstances rendered necessary a delay of Francisco's union with Isabel. Time lingered on. Fatally to the happiness, though not to the love of Salmazeda, Burgos was at length in possession of the French. The light gallantries of their officers were received by Isabel as lightly as they were tendered. If their attentions ever assumed a more serious air, they were declined with the dignity and becoming pride of a woman, who rightly estimated the nature of her situation ; and, constitutionally

jealous as was her lover, so distinguished was the propriety of her conduct, that never, even for one brief moment, did he yield to the influence of that fiend which seldom approaches but to destroy.

There was another enemy against whose assaults Francisco found no adequate protection. Morally he despised, politically he hated the French ; yet, such was his infatuation, he found himself incapable of resisting the impulse to play ; and, blindly obeying that impulse, he repeatedly lost large sums to the officers whom he was in the habit of meeting at his father's seat, as well as at their own quarters in the city and its environs. A rapid succession of ill-luck soured his temper, embittered his spirit, and even exasperated his hatred of the French. Nor was this all. Isidro, his brother, was a man of a cold heart, with its usual concomitant, a narrow mind—the very opposite of Francisco himself. To him, the French were rather indifferent, than odious ; for, though a Spaniard by birth, his passions and emotions evinced little of energy or decision. Indeed, so different, in all its essentials, was his character from that of every other member of his family, that, were it not for casting an imputation upon the fair fame of his lady mother, it might be suspected that he bore not honestly his paternal name. Yet there was a certain quietness and urbanity in his disposition which frequently gave him an advantage over the warm-hearted, high-spirited, noble-minded Francisco. That advantage he did not disdain to employ to aid his own sinister views. Aware of the losses which his brother had sustained at play, he had more than once betrayed the confidence reposed in him to his father, in whose affection it was his aim to supplant him. Not such was the conduct of Isabel. She, with all the tender solicitude of a sister, had warmly and affectionately remonstrated with him, but, alas ! in vain. Ah ! how deeply-rooted must be that propensity which can resist the fond pleadings of a lovely and dearly-beloved woman !

Hope, and pleasing expectation, once more brightened the halls of Salmazeda's mansion, on the retreat of Marshal Soult's force. The consequent entrance of the English, under General —, excited little apprehension ; for the excellent discipline

of his troops—far different from that of the British army in the earlier peninsular campaigns—afforded ample guarantee of safety, in the best sense of the word ; and, with one exception, the hearts of the Salmazeda family were all politically English. Their arrival harmonized with the feelings of Francisco ; and, by him especially, the association with an officer possessing a mind so well informed, so highly cultivated, and so truly amiable as that of Captain Seymour, was regarded as an eminently fortunate circumstance. Their conversation was much of books, and of travel—of men, and of manners. While Seymour, on one hand, had made himself familiar with the best poets of Spain, Salmazeda, on the other, was not less profoundly acquainted with the master spirits of English literature. Thus “ever charming, ever new,” there was a rich and exhaustless store of mental excitement in common between them.

Seymour, it might be said, was on terms of intimacy with the whole family ; or, if there were an exception, it was with Isidro, who, blest with none of the gentler sympathies of character, was incapable of either loving or hating with warmth. Had it been otherwise, he would have hated the English as cordially as Francisco hated the French, for all his prejudices were against them.

In almost constant, though much-restrained commerce with Isabel de Casalla, it was impossible for a man of Seymour's temperament to regard such a woman otherwise than with lively and affectionate interest. Aware, however, of her engagement with Francisco—to one whose hospitality made him his debtor, whose generous friendship bound him in honour—his attentions had never once passed the line sanctioned by politeness and the sincerest respect. It is true, she had frequently been the subject of his thoughts ; but never, until the time of his memorable discussion with Francisco, recited at the commencement of this little sketch, had he been in the slightest degree conscious of her possessing more than ordinary interest in his heart. A moment's reflection afterwards revealed to him the cause of Francisco's strange conduct. Francisco, too, felt himself in error : he might have been—he had been—too hasty ; and thus,

as must ever be the case with generous minds, conciliatory feelings were instantaneously engendered between them, and, from that hour, they became firmer, more cordial, more confidential friends than they ever had before been.

After the incident here adverted to, it was natural that Seymour should examine the state of his heart. He did examine it, and his firm conviction was, that all was right. Wisely and honourably he resolved, that all should remain so. His kindly feelings—his imagination even—should receive no indulgence. But, in proportion with the growth of his friendship for Salmazeda, his opportunities of familiar association with Isabel became more frequent. These were still further increased by an acquaintance which Francisco had formed with some of the younger and more dissipated officers of the English army, who, like him, were addicted to deep play. With Salmazeda, the passion was thus again revived in full force. Whole days, whole nights, were passed in its destructive gratification. Vain were all the friendly and energetic remonstrances of Seymour ; vain, too, was all the tenderly and affectionately-expressed solicitude of Isabel.

Strange as it may seem, amidst this unnatural fever, this morbid excitement of the mind, Francisco's love for Isabel remained unimpaired. Notwithstanding the sentiments which he had formerly expressed respecting women, he felt secure in the return of that love—in the enduring constancy of his beloved ; or, rather, perhaps, he had never allowed himself to entertain a doubt upon the subject. In the faith of Seymour, also, his confidence was unbounded ; for never, since the moment of their reconciliation, had a look, or a word, on the part of his friend, betrayed aught that might create suspicion.

Often, in secret, did Seymour lament the fatal propensity of Francisco ; and often when—as was now frequently the case—he found himself alone with Isabel, did he, with her, deplore the apparently incurable evil. Could *he*—the question involuntarily arose—be guilty of so gross a dereliction of duty ? Could *he* desert the society of woman—of *such* a woman—for the heartless profligacy of the gaming table ? Was Francisco, this proud de-

scendant of the Moorish kings, indeed deserving of the love of Isabel?

Such, in many an hour of solitude, were the haunting reflections of Seymour. Ay, and there were moments when, all unconsciously, he gazed with deep and tender interest on the fair face of Isabel; and, more than once, he was aroused from the profound reverie into which he had fallen, by the accidental meeting of her eye with his. Instantly he would shake off the abstraction, and be himself again. But, did that eye—that accidental glance—leave no image on his brain? And were there not tones—tones which, long after they were uttered, dwelt more sweetly on his ear than sounds of sweetest music?

Seymour again, in secret, examined the state of his heart, and he found that all was *not* right. What, *then*, was his resolve?—That his passion should remain for ever buried in his own breast.

Time still rolled on—and still the appetite of Francisco grew with what it fed upon—and still the intercourse between Seymour and Isabel became more and more uncontrolled, excepting by the tight rein which the former held over his conduct; for never, by word or look—intentionally, at least—was the secret of his soul revealed.

On one of the few mornings when Francisco found himself at leisure, a little party was formed to visit the neighbouring convent of St. Augustin, in the chapel of which, besides other worshipped relics, and votive offerings innumerable from the king to the peasant, a miraculous crucifix, traditionally ascribed to the construction of Nicodemus, and the subject of many marvellous legends, is carefully preserved. Gorgeous, though tasteless, was the long and tedious ceremony of exhibition. Later in the day, a slight repast having intervened, the same party, consisting of Francisco and Isidro de Salmazeda, Isabel, Seymour, and one or two subalterns of his *corps*, with attendants, proceeded to the more distant Carthusian convent of Miraflores. There, in the church, the strangers were gratified with the sight of the grand altar, the central and side compartments of which are respectively occupied by a painting of the crucifixion, with the Holy Virgin and St. John, and two good pictures, by Peter Anastasio, repre-

senting the dream and the death of St. Joseph—of the fine painting, in the sacristy, of the Holy Virgin presenting a chaplet to St. Bruno, by Diego de Leyva—of five ancient pictures in the choir, illustrating the life and martyrdom of St. John the Baptist—and of a series of fourteen large paintings, in the chapter-room, relating to the life of St. Bruno, also by Diego de Leyva. Nor were the costly and magnificent monuments of John the Second, and his son, the Infant Don John, passed unnoticed, or unadmired, for the richness and complicated character of their decorations.

Towards evening, on their return to Debeaga, an accident occurred, which, instantaneous as it was, had nearly proved fatal to one of the company. It was not, perhaps, strictly in accordance with Spanish etiquette, but so it was, that Seymour and Isidro were riding briskly forward, the foremost of the party, when Isidro's mule suddenly started. It was strange that he should start, for he was one of the finest and steadiest mules in all Castile; but, according to the truism, an effect never takes place without a cause—start he did—and, his sudden and rapid motion being backward, the consequence was, that Seymour, and the gallant charger which he rode, were precipitated into the Arlanzon! Isabel, with Francisco, was immediately behind: her eye had been unconsciously following Seymour; she saw his fall—heard the plunge—the splash—and a wild scream of terror escaped her. She and Francisco simultaneously rushed towards the spot; but her sense—her nerves—failed; and, had it not been for the support of her companion, she must have fallen to the earth. Isidro, the cause of the disaster, was eminently active—at least appeared to be so—in his endeavours to rescue Seymour from his perilous situation. Fortunately, a straw-boat was passing at the moment; and, by the prompt exertions of the men on board, and as they were near a little creek or landing-place, Seymour and his horse were safe on shore, before Francisco had been able to recover his adored Isabel from the swoon into which she had fallen. In a state of half-restored consciousness, her first exclamation was—“*Esta segura?*”—Is he safe?

Seymour had not been aware of the strong interest evinced in his behalf; and Francisco was too anxiously engaged with the restoration of Isabel, and, afterwards, with the danger and preservation of his friend, on whom his heart-felt gratulations were poured, to notice, at the moment, the agony of feeling which Isabel had betrayed. But after-thoughts came over him—he reasoned, he analysed, he combined—and the scream, the “*Esta segura ?*” were furies in his breast.

The next day Isabel was confined to her chamber by indisposition. Francisco and Seymour met not. The night following had been fixed for an entertainment, to which a numerous party stood invited; and, amongst others, the gay and dissipated young officers, to whom, of late, Francisco had sacrificed so much of his time, his money, and his peace of mind. Early in the evening, a *fête champêtre* was given in the gardens. Many a gallant youth and many a blooming maiden danced gaily to the enlivening sound of the castanets; the entire scene was resplendent in beauty and grace; all was animation, joy, delight, and apparent happiness! At a later hour, the *estrado*, or hall, the saloon, and all the chief apartments of the mansion, were magnificently lighted up, and every preparation was made for a fancy ball, and supper à l’*Anglais*. Rooms there were also appropriated to cards, for those who might prefer such amusements to the dance.

Previously to this, Seymour had retired to change his dress for the occasion. As fate would have it, he, in his hasty return, just as he was passing the end of a long and dimly illuminated passage, came suddenly in contact with the lady Isabel. Excepting at a distance, in the garden, he had not seen her since the hour of his aquatic accident. Mutual kind inquiries were made—a few low tones were breathed—Seymour, for the first time in his life, took the unresisting hand of Isabel, and, most respectfully, yet most fervently, pressed it to his lips—her emphatic word at parting was—“*Remember !*”

The whole was the affair of a moment. But the impassioned act was not unseen, the parting sound was not unheard. “*Yes! I will remember !*” fiercely, though in a

whisper, ejaculated Francisco, as, passing with Isidro, he witnessed the heart-blighting scene.

In one of the play-rooms, chance, some time afterwards, threw Seymour, Francisco, and Isidro, together at the same table. Francisco was evidently disconcerted, flushed, and agitated. The fortune of the night was against him. Seymour, his opponent, was the winner; but the stakes were low; and, had they been otherwise, such a cause was not commensurate with the violent effect produced. Isidro’s countenance was calm, cold, and unperturbed as the bosom of a frozen lake. The party played on—Francisco’s ill luck continued—he scarcely retained self-possession. Seymour’s servant entered with a note. He glanced at the superscription—the blood mounted to his face—a furtive look still further betrayed his confusion, as he hastily, and without speaking to the servant, deposited the billet in his bosom. At the very instant, the pressure of Isidro’s foot on that of Francisco would have directed the attention of the latter to the circumstance, had not his own lynx eye caught sight of the seal—the seal of Isabel de Casalla! Dashing the cards upon the table, he started from his seat, drew a concealed dagger from its sheath, and twice he plunged it furiously into his rival’s breast, exclaiming—“*There, villain, I have remembered !*”

Seymour fell beneath his wounds; and Francisco, even before the company were aware of the murderous event, had left the room in a state of demoniac phrensy, the bloody weapon yet reeking in his hand. Can it be chance—can it be fate—can it be providence—that leads man, in his fury, to destruction? Scarcely had Francisco left the apartment, when rushing wildly, he knew not, cared not, whither, he encountered Isabel with one of her attendants. His insane vengeance was not yet sated—it must have another victim! Remorselessly, he struck her also to the earth with his dagger—fled from the spot—mechanically reached his chamber—and there, by his own death, effected the consummation of his crimes! He lived only to be assured that his Isabel had not been unfaithful—that his friend had not violated his truth. The



meeting of Seymour and Isabel, purely casual as it was, had no definite object but that of the happiness of Francisco—the word “*Remember!*” was only an injunction to Seymour to keep a vigilant eye upon her betrothed husband—the fatal note, originating in after-information, was only a more impressive renewal of that injunction.

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Yet Isabel had never truly loved Francisco. Dear and sacred to her soul had he ever been as a brother; her vows of conjugal fidelity—the vows of an innocent and virtuous heart—had been registered in heaven; but—but there was no gentle sympathy of spirit between them—she had never loved him as a woman ought to love a man, to whom, in the face of her Creator, she solemnly devotes herself for ever.

Two years afterwards, the usurper of the Bourbon throne having been hurled from his seat, Seymour, whose wounds, though dangerous, had not proved mortal, found himself at Paris. One day, at the church of St. Madeleine, he had been some time contemplating the picture of the Prodigal Son's Return. Accidentally turning his eye, he beheld a vision which made him start, as though one risen from the dead had stood before him. In a distant part of the church, accompanied by two ladies, was Isabel de Casalla—she, whom he had reason to believe had long been amongst the departed—she, whose beloved image had ever rested upon his heart—she, in whose memory his very life had been enshrined! Almighty powers, what were his feelings! and

what, too, were *her* feelings? For Seymour, equally dear to her as she to him, she also had believed to be no more. She was pale, very pale. There was a start—a glance of recognition—one glance that, for a moment, awakened love, and hope, and joy, and every tender, generous emotion of the heart.

Seymour soon learned that the unhappy death of Francisco, and its concomitant evils, had brought the grey hairs of Don Pedro with sorrow to the grave. Isidro—the detested Isidro—had thus become the guardian of Isabel; and, though caring little for her person, he wished also to become the possessor of her wealth. Accordingly, with the view of relieving her mind, and recovering her from the state of melancholy into which she had fallen, he had brought her to witness the sights and the gay scenes of Paris—scenes, alas! all uncongenial with her taste.

The lovers—for such they were—now soon understood each other. Prompt and decisive measures became necessary. In one of the ladies by whom she was accompanied Isabel had entire confidence. She therefore hesitated not to assent to the proposals of Seymour. His interest enabled him to procure special passports; gold obtained him attendants on whose secrecy and firmness he could rely. With Isabel and her fair friend under his protection, he posted rapidly to Rouen, and thence to Dieppe; there he procured a private boat, in which he was speedily wafted over to Brighton; and, in three days more, Seymour and his bride were, in the presence of their God, all the world to each other.

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## GARLANDS AND GREY HAIRS.

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Very different are the associations called up by the words which are here written. Each one is a volume—but how opposite in spirit! The first opening its perfumed pages, glittering with all the decorations of taste, —the other exhibiting the plain and worn appearance of the moralist's missal or the hermit's tome. We hardly know which has the more immediate power over our sympathies and imagination. There is a graceful

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sentiment lurking among the leaves of a garland, that awakens a flush of hope and hilarity in the ashy cheek of age; there is, on the other hand, a pathos in a gray hair that tempers the wild impulses of youth into admiration and awe. In the one we see the May, in the other the December, of life. The one brings with it the enjoyments of a healthy harmless festival; the other reminds us how many festivals we have numbered, and how few remain for us to share. To the first we turn as an emblem of the beauty and fragrance of the morning; in the other we see the closing colour of the evening, as it steals over the golden tints of nature slowly and silently. A garland exhibits to us a magic circle, into which no evil cares may enter; it brings us at once into the open air, leads us to a merry troop upon the green, and lays bare the whole art and mystery of merriment. Grey hairs, on the contrary, belong especially to the fireside, and are the first objects that catch our eye as we enter the apartment: we give them the first salutation—before the tempting, white, outstretched fingers of the mistress of the house. They shoot a light and warmth to the farthest side of the room; and, though motionless, offer to us a more earnest welcome than the advancing step and animating voice that greet us as we enter.

Flowers may be said to be almost out of fashion. Poetry has nearly worn them out. So much has been said and written concerning them, by orators and authors of all kinds, that their petals are polluted with ink, and their delicate bloom seems half-brushed away by the breath of tempestuous periods. They have been trodden down by a whole army of epithets. Even philosophy has contributed to exhaust their odours. Roses are now of no other service than to make similes of; they have fallen into the sear. Not so the occasions that called them into use, and the objects they were meant to illustrate; still less the sentiment that springs like an odour out of them. It is a part of the atmosphere of the mind; it sustains the world that is within us. This is the mysterious charm that, to those who are sensible of it, is an atonement for all the evils of fortune and a secret balm for worldly wounds. Few, however, even of those who lavish their praises upon flowers, can participate in this simple but sacred

charm. They admire, for the most part, the glittering frame-work of a lovely picture—the tone and accent of a language they have never learned. Flowers are but implements, the beautiful machinery that sets the springs of love and harmony in motion; and he that stakes hundreds on the stripe of a tulip, instead of looking within it for something undefined which shall feed and refresh the mind with healthy hopes and assurances, has but slender right to call himself a lover of the flowers. He cannot reach beyond the outward and visible sign of beauty; and is only one grade higher than that natural philosopher, who having contemplated, lost in a delightful abstraction, a particular hue of twilight, was at length left with no other opinion of it than that it would be “a very genteel colour for a cravat.” The mountain is not so high as man’s spirit; the ocean itself is shallow compared to the depth of the human heart; and thus the cup of a common wood-flower, the circle of the humblest thing that ever gleamed among the dream-like solitudes of the earth, may be a depth to hold the germ of feelings that shall one day grow silently up, and wind like ivy round the world.

But if some fail to extract the true fragrance and virtue of flowers, a much greater number overlook them entirely. Those who pay court to humanity in its full dress, and figure in the great levee of the world, are apt to select their decorations not for their loveliness but for their rarity. They substitute mere brilliancy for beauty, and lose, in proportion as they dazzle the eyes of others the power of using their own; as some naturalists, it is said, have resorted to the expedient of putting out the eyes of birds to increase the splendour of their plumage or the melody of their notes. But to one who preserves the simplicity of nature amidst the refinements of society, his chaplet of green leaves is a crown of gold, which he claims as his inheritance. The sun ripens the seeds which he scatters about him into the most precious of all gems. Nothing is too mean or too melancholy to mingle in his wreath, as the merest weed may hold or enjoy something in common with his own nature. The materials that form it have not been brought from the uttermost parts of the earth, but have flourished in spots that are imprinted with

his footsteps. Every blade and bud is a memorial of something dear to or desired by him, and a metaphor meant by nature to show that peace and beauty are never divided from her. His garland awakens within him a love of simple pleasures—a sympathy with unobtrusive objects—a compassionating hope for mankind, and a fortitude and forbearance amidst peril and insult.

The introduction of flowers is universal both on mirthful and mournful occasions: they serve alike as a birth-day ode or a dirge. Strewn upon the grave, they are indeed a touching comment on the frail loveliness of life. But to the graceful celebration of a wedding, a garland is indispensable. It is a cluster of fragrant diamonds. It rests among the bride's curls like an eulogium on their beauty. It is the marriage motto: every leaf conveys a compliment "which words could never speak so well." It is besides typical of the state into which the lovers have entered, and who look forward to a life of flowers. They may make it their calendar—counting their days by the leaves.

Let us now for the sake of contrast turn a glance upon Grey Hairs. A strength greater than that of Sampson grows with them—it is that of charity and wisdom. Though covered with the snows of many years, they are as sunbeams to the sense that can find a grateful pleasure in watching the changing seasons of life, and in extracting a vigour from decay. One that thus surveys humanity, will give up his heart as a link in the chain of sympathy; because he knows not how soon his tide may be impeded or dried up, and all his flaxen youth fade away into a blank and lingering uncertainty. "This lock," says Yorick, "even as I twist it, see, it turns grey!" Yet the pride and hopes of man lose their lustre sooner than the glossiest ringlet. They are as things hung by a hair over the deep abyss of time. Nay, life itself visits us but as a spirit; and as we point hopelessly at it, and it starts away with a sudden and a solemn step, we are reminded of the impressive exclamation of Hamlet—"Look where it goes, even now, out at the portal!"

All ages have received grey hairs as the crown and mark of sanctity; and they have not unfrequently proved the passport of an

uncorrupted nature, through licentious and perilous times. Whether the locks of youth have slowly and imperceptibly changed to silver, or become so "in a single night," they seldom fail to administer a lesson. With grey hairs there should be no austerity or petulance; the spirit of early life may leave its sunshine within, and lighten upon the brow even amidst the frosts of age. When we find it so—when we see the trembling hand united to a firm heart, and observe the purity of childhood mingling with the intelligence of years—we call to mind a question pleasantly put, in a play of Decker's—"Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?" We look into the human face, illumined by such a feeling as this, not like mine host described by Fielding, "to see if the owner of it has had the small-pox," but to read in it the history of one who has lived wisely, because not too well; and who now, pulling his hat over his eyes which the sun has weakened, and strengthening his steps with a staff cut from a tree which he had planted in his youth, moves tranquilly onward; in the quaint couplet of Marvell,

"Annihilating all that's made

To a green thought in a green shade."

With such a spirit, a garland may be turned to a wise and cheerful use—like the laurels of Cæsar which concealed his baldness. In other words, the grace of a refined and practical wisdom will be an ample recompense for the loss of the livelier energies of life: and one glimpse of nature will repay the mind for the failure of its early visions, and the destruction of the airy architecture of romance. What a redeeming, and at the same time what a profound and beautiful touch of natural feeling, may be discerned in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of the inimitable philosopher, Falstaff, where, when all the glories of an unequalled wit, and the raptures of a riotous sensuality, were exhausted, we are told—(it is Shakespeare that speaks, and we cannot wonder, therefore, at the exquisite delicacy of the thought), that the white-haired veteran of the world, even in the latest moments of his life, "played with flowers," "and babbled of green fields."

B.

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF SIR HUON DE GREY.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

BEFORE young ladies had become the scientific and rational beings they are *supposed* to be in the present day, and before gentlemen deemed it necessary, (as a *dernier resort* to keep up their intellectual superiority, I suppose,) to discard good manners by being *clubish*, political, and argumentative when in their presence; in the olden times, I say—the times of stiff satins and high-heeled shoes—Lady Olivia Bulwer was considered a perfect pearl—a peerless union of loves, graces, and virtues; such a being as poets dream of; yet in reality a woman, a very woman! possessing all those dear delightful little whims and peculiarities of the sex, which, however much they may be found fault with, constitute, after all, the half of woman's charms. Nobody who knows any thing of human nature will dispute this. Look as grave as you please about it, it is no less true. Let a woman be gentle, affectionate, generous, and sincere—let her, above all, have a warm and tender heart; but if she mean either to please in society, or to cage (*not net*) a heart unto herself for life, let her be a little bit fond of tormenting, and studiously avoid sameness; suiting herself with ladylike demeanour to the society she joins, and yet enlivening it withal by sprightliness and good-temper. A little gravity—even a pretty pout—is a pleasing variety; but the former must never be of long continuance, nor the latter ever deepen into a frown.

It is credibly asserted that Lady Olivia Bulwer never frowned; and I can believe it, gazing upon her picture as I do now: that noble brow looks as if formed for heaven's own light to rest upon; and the clear blue eye tells of more feeling—ay, and more intellect also—than one would suppose could consistently associate with her laughter-loving mouth. How nobly that gallant hawk bears itself on her wrist! But this is nought. It behoves me to tell how, in the latter end of the month of May, that fair lady leant her head upon her hand in her own favourite bower, before which sloped a green lawn, studded, according to the fashion of the day, with divers yew-trees, cut into the semblance of peacocks, monkeys,

and other animals. Beside her sat her youthful cousin, the Lady Jannet Melbourne, a gentle girl, who had hardly numbered eighteen summers, and looked upon her kinswoman—who, truth to say, was about five-and-twenty—with mingled reverence and affection. Their conversation proceeded as follows:—

"When you urge me to marry, Jannet," said the Lady Olivia, "you speak even as an inexperienced girl: and yet I must, I suppose, sooner or later resign my liberty to some lordly man, who will not thank me when the deed is done. My estates are more than I can manage; and methinks that attention to matters of pounds, shillings, and pence, almost unsexes a woman: certes, it destroys the finer feelings of her heart, and leaves her what Iago sneered at—a great arithmetician!"

"Cousin, cousin," interrupted Jannet, "you shall not so slander yourself in my presence; but, indeed, 'tis hard to choose from among so many gallant cavaliers as wait *your* pleasure. Let us canvass their claims to your affections. What say you to the good Col. Kinlock, with his crabtree emblem and his noble plaid? I pray you be merry, cousin. I will not say a word of Sir Huon de ——. There, do not look angry, but tell me how you are affected towards Kinlock."

Lady Olivia smiled; and then assuming an air of even more than her usual gaiety, replied, "Would 'st have me marry mere kail-brose and haggis? His face and his pedigree are both too long for Olive Bulwer."

"What think ye, then, of the young Irish peer?" persisted Jannet—"the gay young Irish peer?"

"What! he of the long-tailed family! scores of distant cousins—dozens of near relations—ever so many fathers and mothers—O's and bogs—feasts and fasts—saints and sinners—pride and poverty! I will sing you their delicious melodies, an' ye will; but affirm truly to you, my own Jannet, that I will never be led to the altar by a compound of shilelahs, shamrocks, and whiskey."

Janet laughingly continued: "Perhaps you will not be so severe to your own countryman; him whom I call the second Falstaff?"

"Now out upon thee for a saucy minx!" retorted the lady. "What! the knight of the beetle brow and enormous rotundity, whose eyes wander unceasingly over the crowded board, seeking what they may devour, even while the mouth is employed discussing the contents of a well-filled trencher! the very king of turtle! the lord of venison! the emperor of high feeding! He told me the other day, that I did not look well crammed. Heard ye ever the like? to mention *him* to *me*! —"

"Hush, Olive!" exclaimed the younger lady. "See through yon trees. There are three gentlemen coming this way. If their wit kept pace with their speed, methinks they might soon win a woman's heart. By their dress I can tell them to be, the Baron of Burlybrook, the young poet of Upton Lea, and the gentle Sir Huon de Grey,—all suitors for your fair hand, I suppose."

Lady Olivia shook her head, and after a pause replied,—

"I love to tease that young poet; but indeed teasing a poet does not give one even moderately skilled in the art, much trouble, nature having bestowed upon him a double portion of nerves and spleen; consequently you have only to work upon his infirmities; to cough, or gently sneeze, when he condemns you to a listener's task,—or shrug, or move your chair, or pet your dog, when he expects congratulations loud and lengthened; just seem oblivious, smile, and say, 'Surely in some quaint book I read that tale;' or,—but, Jannet, here they come *en masse*; and, by the mass! a goodly looking trio!" —

The gentlemen entered the presence with courtly grace, and were received with the courtesy which a well-born gentlewoman never fails to bestow even upon disagreeable guests. I trow, however, they were not *all* disagreeable; for a colour mounted to the lady's brow, lofty as it was, as Sir Huon de Grey, bending lowly on one knee, touched the fingers of her embroidered glove respectfully with his lips. A gentleman, to my taste, never appears to so much advantage as upon one knee, in the attitude which Chalon and Leslie alone can paint. It would be much better than the cut-and-

dry bow, or attempt at it, which they make now-a-days, when removing that ugly composition of felt or beaver from their odd-looking cropt heads: it would, I think, be better, and more graceful at all events, whenever they entered into a lady's presence, to prostrate themselves, as in duty bound. I wish the King would be graciously pleased to bring it into fashion. When he does, I am certain it will be universally adopted. For my own part, I conceive it the very height of ill-breeding for a man to treat a woman as his equal.—Sir Huon de Grey was a true-born gentleman, and perhaps too proud of being so: he had known the Lady Olivia many years, and it was conjectured loved her;—nay, it was even said that she loved him, although he had never declared his passion;—but, be that as it may, he never flattered her vanity nor praised her follies; he seemed to regard her more as a brother does a sister, and even calmly looked on the attentions paid by other lovers to the richly dowered lady. Many called him fool for this,—but he heeded it not. At this meeting, however, there was a marked difference in his manner—an agitation, an earnestness, that the ladies could not account for. The Baron of Burlybrook at length spoke; and while twisting the long feather of his velvet hat carefully around his finger by way of pastime, commenced thus:—

"My friend of Upton Lea—for friends we are, despite the honourable rivalry which the love ("adoration," interrupted the poet) of you has occasioned—has penned some verses to your beauty, and, if it would pleasure you to hear them, will read them now. I cannot woo in verse; yet we both pray you to decide our fate this day, as our affection can no longer brook the delay with which we have been tortured."

"Worshipping, as we do!" concluded the poetaster, unfolding the perfumed paper, from which he read the following lines:—

"Hail, woman, hail! the star of hope, whose rays  
Gild both the morn and evening of our days,  
Shining and smiling on each path we tread,  
Through which in peace and calm our feet are led  
Bright'ning each hour with joys that ever last,  
And shedding still a perfume o'er the past;  
All that is lovely, all that's fair, is thine;  
Bright while it rises, dear to its decline!

"Oh, woman! woman!—soul of love and truth!  
Joy of our manhood, transport of our youth!



The only hope when pleasures fade away,  
The only balm when earthly joys decay,—  
And still the same, at morn, at noon, at even!  
A star of bliss—to light the way to heaven!"

"I pray thee peace," said the Lady Olivia, laughing. "Dost think, good Sir Poet, that we do not know our excellences already? Entertain us with a song that is new, if it please ye,—not with such a strain as that."

"Your attention for one moment," interrupted Sir Huon, advancing from a recess in the arbour, from whence he had marked the group—"Gentlemen, I never once presumed to cross your suit: whatever my feelings were, I restrained them within my own breast. Lady Olivia, I was a pennyless knight, and too proud to trust to a lady's purse for wealth:—but times are changed: within a week, I have been left a splendid fortune, which, together with a heart that has long been yours, I now tender to you openly."

Lady Olivia looked astonished, gratified, and confused. She could not reply, but sat, the colour now advancing, now fading from her cheek, when Lady Jannet, with woman's ready wit, exclaimed, "Let me decide, let *me* answer, for my cousin. Thus, then, gentlemen:—the Lady Olivia cannot marry you all three, that is certain. Seeing, then, that such is the case, she is willing to give you all the same chance of obtaining her hand."

"Jannet! Jannet!" interrupted Lady Olivia.

"Hush! do not I know best? be quiet!" continued the lively girl, as she pressed her rosy fingers to the lady's lips: then in her cousin's ear she whispered one or two gentle words, so softly that they could not be heard even by Sir Huon. Lady Olivia bowed her head, and Jannet proceeded.

"Gentles three, proceed to the bottom of the lawn, and choose, from out the parterre, each a flower. He who brings here Lady Olivia Bulwer's favourite of the garden shall have her hand,—is it not so, cousin?"

Olivia again bowed her head.

"Tarry, tarry!" said the Baron of Burlybrook in his usual gruff voice. "What mummery is this! How are we to know but you or her ladyship may elect her favourite flower on the instant?—Lady Jannet Melbourne, I am an Englishman."

"It little needed your telling it, Sir; for no other would be guilty of the rude-

ness of supposing a lady would change her emblem for the sake of a man.—Hie! and do my bidding."

"It pleaseth me much," said the poet; "and I will gladly submit to such a test, if those gentlemen will also."

"I consent," replied Sir Huon de Grey.

"How can I be assured as to the emblem?" persisted the Burly Baron.

"Out, infidel!" laughed Lady Jannet; "but I *can* assure you a wreath of her favourite flower is painted on the first page of her private tablets, which the eye of man has never yet rested on."

"Enough," growled forth the Baron, as with the poet of Upton Lea, and Sir Huon de Grey, he departed.

"Are you certain that he *cannot* mistake?" said Lady Olive, as she watched their receding figures.

"Quite, quite!" replied Lady Jannet. "Once, when speaking of your taste, I told him; and his smiles convinced me he has not forgotten: beside, I made a V with my fingers; and after that, you know——"

"Ay, girl, how my heart beats!—dear Huon!—And yet it is but half a triumph: I should have liked better, if his love had conquered his pride."

"You would not have respected him so much, though; and is not that necessary for love's existence?—But come, are you not grateful to me for getting you breathing time? The power of speech had left you. Good my cousin, I would not be in love for the world! As I live they are coming; but each has encompassed his flower in a broad green leaf of the giant peony, fearful lest the sun should tinge its beauty!"

It was a quaint sight to behold the three cavaliers present, on bended knee, to that stately lady, the flowers which were to decide their fate. The lady spoke at first in a faltering, but afterwards in a firm, voice. "'Tis beautiful and fragrant," said she to the poet, as he proffered her a white and fresh-blown lily; "but, mark, it is cold and stately, devoid of feeling; yet it opens its chalice with proud heartlessness to the flirting butterfly, as well as to the industrious bee, which proves it to be as indiscriminating as it is vain: moreover, even now the canker shelters 'neath its shade: 'tis not my favourite."

"Most Noble Baron, thy rose is glorious. I have seldom seen so glowing or so beau-

tiful a flower:—but it is gaudy, and courts observation—it receives alike the homage of the wise and foolish, and bestows its perfume on every zephyr that flirts amid its leaves: it may be called the emblem of voluptuousness, and so cannot be fit for a lady's bosom."

The colour on her cheek, as she extended her taper fingers to take the simple offering (it was but a deep-blue violet) of Sir Huon de Grey, blushed to the deepest crimson—and the delicate flower trembled on its stem. There was perfect stillness for a moment, which afforded time to the Lady Jannet to draw forth from a silver net, that hung upon her cousin's arm, the envied tablets: at her touch they expanded, and on the first page was a violet wreath, encircling the pretty motto of

*" Il faut me chercher."*

Sir Huon repeated, in a voice which, however delightfully it sounded upon the ear of Lady Olivia, appeared (as Lady Jannet afterwards declared) "queer and nervous enough at the time," these old lines—

"Violet is for faithfulness,  
Which in me shall abide;  
Hoping likewise that from your heart  
You will not let it slide."

What did Lady Olivia say? Nothing—

positively nothing. She blushed, as I have before stated—she let her hand drop into that of Sir Huon—and then (it is really melancholy to think what fools women, and sensible women too, make of themselves) she burst into tears. The Baron of Burlybrook started and stormed; and on the instant offered his hand to the Lady Jannet Melbourne, who laughed him to scorn. It is said that the poet forswore the sex—for a time, at all events: certainly the following lines were found dangling on the bough of a rose-tree, which breathed a very different spirit from his former enamoured stanzas.

"Vainly the muse her favoured son inspires,  
In vain elicits the poetic spark;  
If fancy breathe not on the latent fires,  
The light is gone—the glow of thought is dark."

"What power the gift to mortal eyes shall give,  
In woman's soul such innocence to see?  
In fancy's bower such virtues *seem* to live;  
Then vice in masque is perfect purity."

"Then bear me, Fancy, from this weary earth,  
Where fickle woman is a feeble flower,  
That fate decrees, e'en from its hapless birth,  
Shall blossom, droop, and perish in an hour."

"Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!" exclaimed the Lady Jannet, laughing.—I hope my readers will not say the same!

## ILLUSIONS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

**DURING** the disastrous events of the late wars, no country suffered more distressing changes than Germany. It was at the period of the brief and hollow peace, which followed the attempt to entwine Austria's stately flower around the eagle crest of Gallia's ambition, that the simple incidents of my tale took place.

A regiment of French cavalry was quartered amid the mountains of the Tyrol, in expectation of orders to return to France. The officers and men both found the sojourn dull, though situated in the midst of most beautiful and interesting scenery, as the plain honest manners of the inhabitants appeared despicable to Parisian refinement, and these hardy sons of the soil were suspected of beholding with little complacency the strangers who had ventured to intrude amongst them. The heroic defence of the Tyrolese against the army of Italy was not forgotten; yet, in spite of these disagreeable recollections, the habitual gallantry of the French would have rendered them very willing to pay attention to all the pretty girls of the mountains, had not these unsophisticated fair ones, either restrained by their own prudence, or that of their male relatives, in general avoided any acquaintance with these fascinating strangers. One young girl, named Adelaide Kerzel was remarkable for her beauty and reserve. She had all the characteristics of her nation; blue eyes of uncommon sweetness; long flowing light hair; brilliant complexion; so fair, as to gain for her the name of the "lily of the Tyrol." She lived in happy retirement with her father and brother, who together cultivated a small paternal farm, and being more at their ease than their neighbours, the education of Adelaide was of a superior kind. Often did her native hills echo to the soft notes of her voice; few maidens moved in the dance with such simple grace; and she loved to repeat some of the fine poetry of her countryman, Klopstock. Her brother's sentiments were deeply patriotic, and he detested the very name of the French; so that to speak to one of them would have been in his sister an unpar-

donable offence. But looks and thoughts unfortunately can only be restrained by an innate sense of duty; and poor Adelaide had, almost unwittingly, suffered hers to be attracted by the elegance and pleasing demeanour of one of the young officers, named Ernest de Montreuil. His evident admiration of her, which he found a thousand ways of shewing, had, however, escaped the watchfulness of her brother, Karl. Ernest was cautious not to haunt her footsteps, unless she were alone, or with some female friend, and though she carefully avoided him, he still contrived some means of fixing her attention. There was one favourite spot of Adelaide's, whither, as it was at no great distance from the cottage, she was not forbidden to wander. Near the overhanging brow of one of the lofty mountains of the Tyrol stood her father's vine-clad habitation; from thence, a winding and almost dangerous path led upwards, until it attained an eminence where the eye might repose beneath on one of the most beautiful valleys that ever rewarded the toil of the cultivator. On the opposite side rose another frowning and sublime mountain, whose summit the sun irradiated long before it had begun to enlighten the plains below. Paths, however, had been contrived around it, and at no great height above its base, wound the road by which the hostile troops had first entered this secluded retreat, and by which the inhabitants trusted soon to see them retire. The noble prospect, at this particular elevation, tempted Adelaide to linger there for hours, admiring the different effects of light and shade upon the scenery; and too frequently her view was diverted to the noble figure of Ernest mounted on his milk-white charger, and performing all the evolutions of horsemanship, wherever the ground allowed of them, and often incurring danger, only to awaken a solicitude in Adelaide, whose form he well distinguished, wrapped in a crimson scarf, which she usually wore. However, as the silent language of the eyes had alone revealed their feelings, their love might have been as early violets, "the perfume and suppliance of a

moment, sweet but not permanent," had not an unforeseen accident broken through that fence of reserve, which duty placed around the innocent maiden. One lovely evening, when sunset put on its most glorious tints, and the virgin snows of the mountains seemed to wear a blush of love's own rosy hue, beneath the ardent gaze of the retiring orb, Adelaire had remained alone, and wrapped in contemplation of the magnificent scene, at her favourite summit. Remembering the lateness of the hour, she was about to return, when she was startled by the voices of two French officers, approaching from below, whose persecuting assiduities she had ever shunned, and who now appeared inebriated. She summoned, however, courage to meet them calmly, and requested them to permit her to pass; for the path was so narrow as scarcely to admit of two persons: but, instead of complying, they began to address her in extravagant language of adulation, and to bar all passage with their arms. Terrified, unprotected, and solitary, Adelaire's fears, perhaps, exceeded the occasion, and she turned, careless of danger, up the steep ascent, pursued by the officers. Terror gave her wings, but just as she reached the eminence alluded to, her panting speed failed, and the foremost of her pursuers had almost caught her in his arms; but, inspired with the spirit of a Tyrolese maiden, springing aside towards the precipice, she declared she would rather meet inevitable death, than submit to their insults. At that moment, when her life was in imminent peril from her proximity to the abyss, an agile form leaped lightly from the heights above, and presented to his astonished comrades and the trembling Adelaire the intrepid aspect of Ernest de Montreuil. "Defend yourself," cried he, drawing his sword; "never will I see a woman insulted!" Furious at his appearance, both of his ungenerous opponents assailed him at once, and Adelaire had to witness a combat which wrung her heart with anguish and terror for the fate of her noble protector.

Motionless with alarm, some moments had elapsed before she was able to utter a cry for assistance; scarcely had that passed her lips, ere the sword of one of the officers had entered the breast of

Ernest, and he fell, bathed in blood, at her feet. She gave a piercing shriek—the sound seemed to arouse the officers to a sense of their responsibility; and a fear for their own safety. They gazed an instant on their victim—sheathed their swords, and casting a look of gloomy malice towards Adelaire, bade her be careful of their comrade's life, as she had caused the affray, and he was an officer of the French army, and therefore valuable to the nation. They then immediately turned, and with rapid strides descended the mountains.

The cry of poor Adelaire had reached the ears of her father and brother, as they were engaged in some rural occupation near their abode. Hastening towards the spot whence the sound had proceeded, their surprise and consternation were great at finding the unhappy girl leaning over the bleeding body of a French officer, and endeavouring with her scarf to staunch the mortal tide. A few agitated words explained the sad affair; and when her father heard that Ernest had met his wound in protecting his child, he proposed, nor could Karl object, that they should bear him to their cottage, which indeed was the only place of shelter near. Sullenly, and in silence, did the brother assist in this act of humanity; but as soon as Ernest had been laid on their humble bed, he went of his own accord to summon the regimental surgeon. The report of this person was very unfavourable to the patient, whom he considered in great danger, and on no account to be removed. He charged the inmates on their lives to attend him with every care, as his loss, he said, would be imputed to his interference in the daughter's cause. To one, indeed, of the party, this injunction was not needed: her heart throbbed responsive to every pang of the sufferer's breast, and, during his long and doubtful illness, as she sat by the couch where he lay insensible, what did she not suffer? The consciousness of self-blame was the hardest to bear. She felt that, but for her imprudence, Ernest might now be enjoying perfect health, an object of indifference to her: her own cheek might still have been blooming with the roses of peace, nor would her father and brother have had cause to reproach her with

having brought trouble and disgrace to their hitherto tranquil home. Had Adelaide repressed the first glance of love from Ernest, he would soon have ceased to think of her; had she attended to the *spirit* of her friends' injunctions, and *really* avoided him, what sorrow had been spared!

Meanwhile Ernest slowly recovered, and his expressions of gratitude to all in the cottage were unbounded. Karl listened in sullen insensibility, but the old man was touched by the generosity of the brave youth who, though an enemy, had proved a friend to his motherless daughter in the hour of need. When alone with his host, the young man informed him of his situation and future prospects. His birth, though not ennobled, was respectable: he was a rich orphan, and had risen by merit to the post of a very promising officer in that army which awed the world. Kerzel perceived that Ernest wished to intimate that, with his permission, he would seek to win Adelaide as a wife; and the deep blue eye and speaking blushes of the simple girl told him he would be a welcome suitor. At last her lover spoke plainly. He said his country and hers were now at peace; his great commander had become the ally of the latter by a marriage which promised to entwine the olive with the myrtle of Hymen; and "such a union," said he, "would I form with your sweet girl." He even promised, should Kerzel so request, to resign his high prospects in the army so soon as duty might permit, and to settle with his beloved Adelaide amid her native hills. It was impossible that Peter Kerzel could be insensible to this honourable and advantageous proposal; he saw that his daughter's happiness depended upon its acceptance, and he could not crush the flowers of hope. His son's irreconcilable enmity to the French alone crossed his mind; but he promised De Montreuil soon to end his suspense, expressing, in the manly language of a German peasant, an approval of his honest intentions. He requested him, however, still to forbear imparting them to Adelaide until her brother's consent were given. To obtain this, required the exertion of all his parental authority; and at length he wrung from the sturdy Tyrolese

a reluctant permission that Ernest might try his influence with his sister; and, "If she is fool enough," added he, "to be caught by his fine speeches and grimaces, why e'en let her take a Frenchman for her pains."

The sun rose gloriously, and all nature seemed to look sweeter on the morning that Ernest selected to declare his love. It was the first time he had been allowed to walk out and breathe the fresh air, and the artless Adelaide, nothing loth, was desired by her father to accompany him. As he leaned on his sword, and sometimes stopped from weakness and pain while ascending the mountain, she repeatedly urged him to return, fearing the fatigue might be too great. "No!" said he, "I wish to reach that never-to-be-forgotten spot where I saved you from the brutality of countrymen I blush to own." Adelaide blushed, too, but it was from no painful sensation—and they continued to follow the winding of the mountain track till they reached the eminence indelibly imprinted on the remembrance of both. Hill, trees, and valley looked the same as, or even fairer than before: but one object was there new to the wondering eyes of Adelaide, for it had been sent for from Paris, and placed there by her lover's attention but the evening before. It was a small pedestal of white marble which supported an alabaster vase of the most classic and elegant form; but neither charmed the heart of Adelaide like a large bunch of white lilies, within the vase, which almost rivalled nature, and had been the product of Parisian skill. She felt they were sacred to her; but the roses shaded the lilies on her own cheek, when Ernest, taking her hand, said, with a tenderness so dear to woman, "Beloved girl! your father sanctioned my prayers when I asked from him a fairer lily; tell me, does your heart confirm the gift, and may I become the lawful protector of that innocence I would risk life again and again to defend?" Adelaide spoke not, but neither withdrew she her hand, and their vows were ratified by a look of such pure affection, that had her brother beheld it, even his heart must have melted at the sight. From this time the preparations for their village nuptials went on, and the only one in the cottage who beheld them with

regret was Karl. His discontent was fomented by the invidious remarks of a favourite companion—a rejected suitor of Adelaire's. This man, whose name was Hugo, seized every opportunity of insinuating something to the disadvantage of his more fortunate rival; he even affirmed that Montreuil's regiment was to quit the neighbourhood before the day fixed for the marriage, as the Colonel had declared he would take that means of preventing it. The Colonel indeed was rumoured to be adverse to such a *mésalliance* of one of his finest officers, and Karl at last deemed it his duty to whisper these suspicions to the destined Bride. Poor Adelaire heard them with incredulity, for her heart rejected every doubt of her Ernest's faith. Still they had an effect upon her mind by disturbing its repose, and still more on her delicate frame, which the events of the last few months had rendered more fragile, and the hectic on her cheek and varying lustre of her eyes, often awakened her father's anxiety. At length Adelaire, vexed by Karl's repeated cautions, resolved herself to inquire of Ernest whether there were any truth in the report that his regiment was on the point of removing. She chose for the scene of this important interrogatory, their accustomed haunt, the column of lilies, endeared by so many remembrances. Ernest heard her in silence, while a shade of displeasure passed across his manly brow, and clouded his naturally open countenance; but, instantly recovering himself, he calmly replied—"My dear Adelaire, I am glad you have not doubted my sincerity, for you would have done injustice to the purest affection that ever warmed the breast of man. Trust me, when there is any probability of our regiment's removing, you shall hear it first from me. No! beloved," added he, with characteristic playfulness, "I will tell you when to believe your own Ernest is running away from you, without saying adieu: when you behold from this spot our brave regiment with banners streaming on the wind, defiling round yonder road, returning to La Belle France; and you see your recreant knight, on his white steed, waving this precious scarf as a token of farewell;" and he drew from his breast the crimson scarf which he had prevailed on Adelaire to give him in remembrance

of the eventful night on which he was wounded. The import of his words, though spoken in jest, sounded as a knell on the ears of Adelaire, and she drew back with secret horror at the sight of the blood-stained pledge. However, she had presence of mind to conceal her weakness from her lover; but from this time her cheek looked paler, and she could not always repress the foreboding sigh.

Peter Kerzel hurried forward the arrangements for their wedding, in the hope that his daughter's peace and health would be restored when united to the man of her choice. At length the bridal morn appeared, fair as though nature too wore a wedding-robe. Adelaire had early halloved it by a prayer, offered at her favourite spot, pure as the innocent heart by which it was dictated. Attired in spotless white, her fair neck was adorned by strings of costly pearls, the present of her Ernest; but the ornaments best suited to her youth and simplicity were a bunch of lilies in her hair, and another at her girdle—sweet emblems of virgin innocence. Hope irradiated her countenance, and never had she looked so lovely in the eyes of her admiring friends; for the bridegroom, being obliged to be with his regiment the evening before, had not yet arrived. "Heaven bless thee, my girl!" said the fond father, "and make this day the happiest of thy life; though it cannot be so to me when I give thee away to a stranger, however worthy." Karl said nothing, but his look was gloomy—and the more as it was already a little past the hour fixed for Ernest's arrival. The moments ran on, but each seemed an age to the anxious Adelaire. Her feelings, too, were secretly excited by a report spread by Hugo but the evening before, that the regiment was positively to leave the mountains this very day. She had disdained to hint it to De Montreuil; but, during this painful interval of suspense, the thought recurred unbidden to her mind—her colour went and came—and the nervous trembling of her frame increased so as to be perceptible to the guests. Kerzel could not have uttered a word had he wished it, but he went often to the door and gazed wistfully down the hill. Karl's looks were too expressive, as he fixed them with a mixture of pity and indigna-



tion on his sinking sister. At last, when the time exceeded all reasonable cause of detention, abruptly rising, he exclaimed, "I will go and seek him," and rushed out of the cottage. Poor Adelaire followed him with her eyes—she dreaded their meeting—but felt any thing would be better than the doubts which were destroying her. When his son, of whom he stood somewhat in awe, was gone, the old man found voice to speak and express his assurance that "some unexpected circumstance had unavoidably detained Ernest. Karl will soon return with him," added he. But hours passed and Karl returned not. At length footsteps were heard approaching: all rose but Adelaire, for she well knew it was not the tread of her lover. Karl entered—his eyes were downcast—his cheek white, and an expression even more of sorrow than of anger on his countenance. None dared to question him; but Adelaire, rising and rapidly approaching him, exclaimed, "You have heard something terrible! Have you seen him? does he live?" "He lives!" replied Karl, forced out of his intended silence by her sudden inquiry, "but I have not seen him, nor probably will you ever more. His regiment have left their quarters!" At this dreadful communication, to the surprise of the spectators the bride neither fainted nor changed colour. She drew herself up erect, and folding her veil around her with an air of greater dignity than ever she had before assumed, she calmly said to her brother, in a steady though hollow voice, "I will never believe it, until he tells me so himself, or until"—. She finished not the sentence, but abruptly added, "I will go and pray for him;" and, opening the door which led to her own apartments, disappeared. Peter would have followed, but his friends dissuaded him, advising that he should allow his daughter to relieve the first impulse of her grief alone. But it was not to indulge such feelings that Adelaire had left them. A door behind the cottage gave her a ready egress, and, whether with a wild hope or secret dread she knew not, but swift as the dove speeds to its secret nest, she flew up the side of the mountain to reach her favourite column; she gained it, and almost involuntarily, as if drawn

by some fatal spell, her eyes sought the road below. Oh! what did she behold! The sun shone brightly on the mountain opposite, and the beautiful valley; but her looks were fixed on one sight alone. Winding slowly, and in martial order, round the base of the steep—glittering in all the imposing panoply of war—their banners streaming on the summer wind—a regiment clad in uniform, but too well known, glared on the excited senses of Adelaire; but did her almost failing vision deceive her? Was it her Ernest, her lover, bounding on his own white steed, and lingering rather behind his comrades, who seemed to direct his looks and gestures towards the spot where she stood, who drew from his breast the fatal scarf—waved it in token of adieu, and, giving the spur to his impatient charger, sprang forward, and all were lost to view behind the projecting windings of the mountain. "'Tis past! 'Tis over! I believe it now!" murmured the sinking girl; "O, Heaven forgive him, and me too!" and she dropped on the turf before the marble column—her arms clung round it, and her head fell faintly beside the lilies she had loved so well.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed from the return of Karl with the sad intelligence he had learned from Hugo, when the bridal party, now changed to a mourning one, were surprised by other footsteps advancing to the door. They simultaneously rushed towards it—and the object presented to their astonished but delighted view was Ernest, dressed in his military costume, flushed with exertion and hard riding, and glowing with all a bridegroom's impatience, "Where, where is Adelaire?" exclaimed he. "Oh, what must she not have suffered? By orders of the Colonel, who seeks to traverse me in all things, I was sent with a party of men to a village at some distance, under pretence of a disturbance—I have just returned: but where, where is my bride?" "She is in her own room," replied old Kerzel, "and much discomposed I fear, for we heard you had left your quarters." Ernest answered not, but flew to the door of Adelaire's apartment, rushed in, but, as he feared, found her not. He paused not a moment as to what direction he should seek her in, but with a speed which left

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even the anxious father far behind, flew, rather than walked, to the spot where he knew she would await him.

It was vain, it was too late ; her form rested against the marble column, her hands were clasped, her head reposed near the vase of lilies—all, all were cold—her heart had broken. “ *Valtene in pace, alma beata e bella !*” In regard to the melancholy illusion which caused her death, it may not be needless to remark, that amidst the mountains of Germany,

such appearances are not uncommon. An imaginary army, with all its appurtenances, has been seen (or rather believed to be seen) amidst the passes, and detached figures observed either in advance or in the rear of their shadowy companions. Natural philosophers have accounted for these mockeries, but the philosophy of the heart in one of Nature’s simplest children is all we venture to relate, and to drop a tear over *the lily of the Tyrol*.  
FLORENCE.

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## ISABEL ; OR, THE UNKNOWN.

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It was a celebrated festival of the Romish Church, the natal day of St. Lawrence ; and the numerous religious domiciles in Madrid were scarcely able to contain the multitudes of devotees who came to pray, converse, talk scandal, and arrange the formulæ of the next ball. In accordance with custom rather than devotion, many noble cavaliers were in attendance ; and, (but this is only a suspicion) no doubt, the female portion of the congregation were pleased at this display of goodly *hidalgos*, decked in the truly magnificent national costume.

But it is to the Church of the Conception that we must direct attention. This was one of peculiar resort. "Don Carlos!" whispered a rather dissolute-looking officer to his companion, as with much difficulty they made way through the congregated crowds, "I fear this passage will be dangerous to our immaculate persons; and, by the honour of my *corps*, I swear I see not one enchanting face to relieve or compensate our labours."—"Fear not," replied the other; "the abbot who delivers the oration here to-day has many pretty penitents." As he spoke, they placed themselves on a small seat, elaborately carved, and of antique oak,

which preserved them from the dense pressure of the still increasing auditory. After a while the volatile Ferdinand quitted his station, allured by the glances of a pair of eyes worthy of a Houri.

Scarcely had he left the spot, when an elderly lady turned round, and took the vacant seat. Without regarding her, Carlos remained with his eyes bent upon the ground, deeply pondering in his mind. "Isabel!" exclaimed the old lady, "come, stand beside me." Carlos raised his eyes listlessly as she spoke; but what could express his rapture and delight when he beheld a lovely girl, the object of this invitation! Her eyes—but language is unable to describe the brilliancy of their lustre, or the majesty of her entire person.

Long he gazed, unconsciously; until the blushes of the maiden induced a recollection of what politeness claimed. Bowing, respectfully, he ventured to hand the unknown to the seat he had tenanted. The courtesy of the cavalier was rewarded with the profuse thanks of the elder, and by a graceful inclination from the younger lady.

Ere the service was concluded, Carlos had ingratiated himself in the favour of the

matron; but when, departing from the church, he offered to accompany them to their home, a polite but positive refusal was given. "Pardon me, Don Carlos, for you are not unknown to me," she added, as he started on hearing his name pronounced; "but peculiar circumstances forbid, for the present, our more intimate acquaintance. A short time will, I hope, remove the barrier; till then, farewell!"—"It must," replied Carlos; "else nought could tear me from you now."—"Farewell!" and the charming Isabel murmured softly that word, though the rising sigh had nearly checked the mellowed accents. "We meet again," repeated the cavalier; and, in violence to his emotions, hurried away to the *Plaza Mayor*.

But futile were all his attempts to dismiss from consideration the form of the enchanting stranger; her image was still conjoined with every pleasurable idea nurtured in his breast; and the love of years seemed concentrated in the affection conveyed by one hour of rapture. "Susceptible fool!" he muttered, as the impracticability of shaking off the impression became evident to his mind: "can, then, the glance of an unknown girl have wrought this frenzy? Can I, who might obtain the proudest dame in proud Madrid, at once succumb before this maiden?—It must be so;" and he reached his paternal abode as this conclusion forced itself upon him with all the reality of truth.

"Don Carlos," said the confidential attendant of his father, as he entered the saloon, from whose lofty walls the numerous banners of the family waved in their pride, "I fear some accident is impending o'er your house; the duke is like to one distracted; his eyes glare with a fearful fire, and his tottering limbs scarcely perform their office."—"Where is he?"—"In his private study."—Carlos tarried not, but rushed up the marble stairs, nor stopped until he reached the apartment of the duke. He entered—his father was pacing the room with vehemence, while his eye was occasionally directed to a sword that lay upon the antique table. He appeared insensible to the presence of his son, who, respecting his emotion, stood fixed and silent before him. At length, halting suddenly, the duke exclaimed, "Come hither, Carlos; and tell me truth, as is your wont. Do I appear as

one unworthy of our noble stock?"—"What can I divine from this?" replied the astonished Carlos; "has any dared to slander you?"—"No," responded the duke, bitterly; "greatness is always subject to the jeers of the plebeian: but—" and as he spoke he trembled with excess of passion,— "I have been smitten on the face! Oh, God!" and moaning deeply he sank back upon a couch.

When Carlos beheld the bitter tears of humiliated greatness rolling down the cheek of his aged sire, and saw his silvery locks, which should have been respected, the vengeful feelings of his bosom arose; and mentally vowing to redress his wrongs, he endeavoured to soothe the passions that were gnawing at his parent's heart.— "Surely, if the king—" "Hold!" interrupted the duke: "do you advise me to blazon forth my shame, and hold myself a spectacle to scoffers? no!" and as he spoke he drew himself proudly up—"I am not so far degraded in my own eyes. Besides, Orianna, my old foe (for he it was who thus dishonoured me) is the close friend of Count Ledesma, that unworthy minion of the king. But leave me now—all consolation would be vain. *His blood alone can wash away the stain.*"—Perceiving that it would be well to allow this burst of indignation to exhaust itself, Carlos tenderly pressed the hand that was proffered, and withdrew.

The bell had sounded the hour for banqueting, and alone, oppressed with anguish, the duke sat before the untasted repast. "Where is Carlos?" he at length inquired, as though perceiving for the first time the absence of his son.—"None can inform your grace; these two hours he has not been seen."—Apparently abstracted from all that was external, he again sank back into himself. Suddenly a hurried step was heard, and the object of his inquiries advanced breathless and bloody into the room. Muffled in a large cloak for concealment, his hat was raised from off his brows, and the eagle plume was soiled and stained with gore. "What new misfortune has occurred?"—"None, father, but a blessing rather; your honour is redeemed: behold the evidence of my assertion;" and as he spoke he drew from beneath his cloak the bleeding head of Orianna, and cast it on a massy salver\*. "A worthy dish to grace my table," mut-

\* Vide "The Chronicles of the Cid."

tered the duke, when his eye beheld the pallid head, rigid in death. "But, speak, my son, and ease my doubts; has this been done in fair and honourable fight?"—"Doubt not, it was in open fight he fell. I hastened to the palace of the king to tax him with his deeds; but he had gone to his villa. I galloped in pursuit, and overtook him. I bade him draw—he hesitated, and looked round to see if aid were near. 'Draw!'—I again exclaimed with vehemence; or, by the sainted spirits of my ancestors, you die without a chance. He drew his sword—desperation nerved my arm; and, after a short encounter, he fell transpierced with numerous wounds. The rest you know."—"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the duke, "that no deceit was thine. He perished; but his fate was merited. But haste, my boy, you must this instant fly; the friends of Orianna are most powerful. It shall be but for a few days—till then avoid the brooding storm."

Yielding to the request of his father, Carlos, after an affectionate adieu, mounted the sturdy animal that was to convey him from pursuit; and, attended by his faithful Jerome, rode for Varena, an obscure village on the verge of a dense forest, where resided a trusty retainer of his father, in whose discretion every confidence might be reposed.

Weeks elapsed in his retreat, and the tedium of his life became insupportable. The image of the fair unknown rose incessantly before him, and aggravated the desire of hastening back to Madrid. Returning one day from his wonted excursions, his hostess gave him a long narrative of a stranger calling, and leaving a letter to be delivered speedily. Regardless of the old lady's garrulity, Carlos received the missive, and hastily cutting the silken thread which then supplied the place of wax, read the following lines:—

"My trembling hand can scarcely trace these few sad aspirations of a withered

heart. You are the slayer of my father, the lover of his daughter. Yes! I beheld on the eventful festival of St. Lawrence the hidden feelings of your soul, and I had hoped that time would allow two hearts endeared like ours to be united in the eternal bands of love. But this is past, and nought can now restore the sweet illusion. The enmity subsisting between our houses was the consideration that induced my aunt that day to wave your overtures of friendship. Unfortunate precaution! for had you been aware that I was the daughter of your foe—of Orianna—love would have stayed your frantic hand. He fell—by an untimely death, and rumour soon declared the author. My reason failed me; and, when returning consciousness permitted me the task, I sought a solitary convent's sacred shelter, there to deplore my father's loss, my heavy sorrows, until the friendly hand of death should relieve me.

"Farewell! may heaven forgive you!

"ISABEL ORIANNA."

Can words describe the misery of the cavalier when he perused these dreadful lines? Was, then, the lovely stranger the daughter of the man whom he had deprived of life? And had he sent her, broken-hearted, to a living tomb? He rushed in frenzy from the cottage, and plunged into the dark coverts of the forest.

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For two long years no tidings were heard of the unhappy Carlos. By chance, a party of hunters, allured by the eagerness of pursuit, had penetrated deeper into the forest than was customary. Suddenly a melancholy spectacle arrested their attention. By the side of a rill that flowed from a cave in the vicinity, a man in the garb of a hermit lay extended. The hunters raised him from the earth; but life was fast ebbing, and, after a few feeble sighs, he breathed the name of Isabel, and expired. The stranger was Don Carlos.

JULIUS.

LAST NIGHT, it must be admitted, is a very interesting period in the history of human beings—that is to say, of that portion of mankind to whom nights are no novelties ; for what are called nights in one part of the world, would be hailed as unusually brilliant days in another. It is more immediately interesting than “ three thousand years ago,” when Homer actually (actually ?) sang immortal ballads in the streets of Greece. The mind voyages, with more than steam-packetable rapidity, through “ the foam of ages,” amidst dates and eras where historic beacons rarely appear, where centuries are but mere billows—bringing back gems of research from the dark depths of time ; but let it sail whithersoever it will, there is no spot so open to friendly and inviting inquiry, so crowded with familiar facts and novel recollections—in a word, there is no point of time that has so obvious a connection with “ this morning,” and all its golden or gloomy accompaniments, as Last Night. It is almost like a portion of the time present : for what has intervened but sleep—sleep that, with the force of prisoned water, has suddenly gushed up and divided us from it for ever. The gulf, overspread with visions and misty forms, appears so narrow that the waking sense involuntarily extends itself to seize the pleasures of the past. We spring with the return of day upon this “ bank and shoal” of existence, and look back over the tide of sleep upon the opposite shore. The traces of our recent footsteps are not washed away. We see the ground covered with the fading images of enjoyment. Cupids and bacchanals glance up among the shadowy tokens of the previous night ;—we discern the stem which

we have stripped of its flowers—the vine whence we plucked the grape, and with it, (greatest of moral lessons!) a headache. Perhaps our first wandering glance rests upon a music-book, or a collection of prints ; perhaps upon an open volume, lying just as we left it, with the last leaf but one turned down—sleep having seized us before we could quite accomplish some delightful but difficult task,—that of reading “ Don Quixote,” in Spanish, or “ Sir Charles Grandison,” in English. Everywhere we descry some object endeared to us by its own lustre and loveliness, or by the fascination of a dream.

Pleasant it is to wake up in the morning with the recollection, among flying visions and fairy illusions, of some enchanting reality—some golden incident of the preceding night—some unexpected good or blessing to us, though it be but a single word ; for in one word may lie a world of joyful meaning. The hope of refreshed existence, awakening with the new day, is sweetened by surveying the close of the last ; of whose features the “ effacing fingers” of forgetfulness have scarcely perhaps obliterated a single point or expression. The slightest and most habitual circumstance seems to have acquired something of a rare and romantic turn—the voices that we last heard are yet murmuring in the waking ear like a memorial of tenderness and pleasure. Perhaps the “ good-night” of some gentle being—whose smile and tone give sincerity to the wish, and administer the blessing which the words invoked—is still ringing in the sunny air, and rivalling the music of morning. Though the eye open opposite the kindled heaven, that smile is the first object we behold—that “ silver-



his newspapers—a variation in his dish of accidents and offences. He sees only in the rising and going down of the sun, the eclipse of a sumptuous supper, and the dawn of a delicious breakfast. But to one who considers that every unnoticed day is a plank torn from beneath his feet, not a whisper, not a repartee of last night, but will find its way into the heart, and administer a philosophic lesson. His hours go forth, not like the dove that never returned, but like one that brings back a token of peace, and a promise of pleasure. In turning to cast a lingering glance upon the close of yesterday, his delights seem to “float double—swan and shadow.”—Last night is the master-key to our knowledge of departed time; we hover upon the skirts of the past, and resolve (or should resolve) to extract the essence of hope and love from the hour before us, because we have made so little use of those that are gone. We

contract a kind of esteem for the last house we inhabited—for the very coat we last wore; this feeling should induce us to look upon last night with a fond and contemplative regard—as upon a guest whom we have just parted with for ever; as upon a lovely stranger who has suddenly passed by us, and whose features, flashing upon our sight for a moment, have left behind them only the memory of beauty.

The gloomy thoughts and desponding images, that will sometimes creep in at the close of the fairest day, vanish with the shadows that engender them. Cheerfulness has been properly, as well as poetically, pictured as a nymph, “her buskins gemmed with morning dew.” The form that frowned amidst the clouds of evening, muttering fearful predictions, and indicating the approach of tempests, appears, in the light of the succeeding dawn, “a damsel with her dulcimer.”

## MALCOLM THE MAIDEN! 1160.

“ Their hearts had grown together.—Their garden was turned into a wilderness.”

BULWER'S *Disowned*.

THERE WAS a glorious moon in a darkened sky, surrounded by night's clustering diamonds; and she was chequering the green trees and half-shaded walks of a “pleasaunce,” wherein were walking slowly and almost silently two figures—male and female. What could—what should they be, but lovers? Their affection was pure as the scene around them; and its growth was chequered as the earth they trod—bright by fits, but oft-times deeply clouded. The last hour had been one of unsullied brilliancy, for they had sworn unchanging faith to each other; and they felt that it was not a vain vow—that it could not pass away till death. The lips of Malcolm IV. of Scotland had rested in the fervency of a first—a last love, on those of the young Princess Alice of France, who had been educated in England as the intended consort of the brave Prince Richard.

“ Dear Alice,” said Malcolm, as he stopped and gazed mournfully on the moonlit countenance of his companion, “ we have vowed vows, and exchanged the hallowed kiss of affection—and yet, thou art the affianced, in the eyes of nations, of another. The heroic Richard, too, is my friend: I am betraying his trust—wooing—ay, pledging my faith—to his wife!”

“ Malcolm,” she rejoined, raising her bright eyes to his, “ I could almost chide thee for this weakness. Richard loves me not—at least not with the affection which he would feel towards a consort. With the confidence and endearing love of a brother he hath ever treated me since childhood; and, moreover, he hath often made me his confidant when his susceptible heart hath been warmed by the smiles of some of the court beauties.”

“ And supposing that the case, dearest, thy royal father—the court of France—”

“ To remove thy doubt, Malcolm, I will tell thee in confidence that I surmise my father will not feel over-pleased that Richard does not fulfil our contract: he will send some hasty message soon, and

our treaty will end;”—and she blushed, as she stopped suddenly, while Malcolm concluded—

“ And then, thinkest thou, France's monarch would form an alliance with us? By my kingdom, thou hast given me life. I will yet sojourn in Henry's court, and wait the result. But what dost thou think, love, of our letting Richard into our plans—he is generous?”—and before they parted it was agreed that Alice should, on the following day, apprise the prince of her engagement. But no sooner had they bidden farewell and left the pleasaunce, than the Prince Richard himself stepped from behind some clustering trees, and with a good-tempered laugh, muttered, “ A pretty plan this, truly! Our fair cousin of France seems to have a marvellously quick discernment. I have never considered till now whether I love her or no. By the cross, she is right—I do love her, but only as a brother. I would wager my dukedom now that she was not so discerning till this same fair-haired Malcolm had visited our court so frequently. Umph! make me a party in their plans, too! The Pope pardon me for listening; I could have freely pounced upon them, and mocked anger, and challenged him with good sword—only I could not refrain from laughing if Alice had put on a serious face; and, besides, they were happy—and happiness does not light the eye so frequently, as to be spoiled to make the mirth of the merry-hearted Richard. I will plague the dark-eyed Alice to-morrow, though!”—and then, humming a merry French love-song, he entered the palace.

The evening of the following day was come, and the large hall was brilliantly lighted for the accommodation of a beauteous assemblage of courtly dames and brave knights, who had met to pass some few hours in the merry dance, and sportive laugh. The Prince Richard marked the saddened eye of Malcolm, and immediately sought the bright-browed Alice as his partner in the dance. “ Methinks, fair

cousin," he said, and took her hand in his, "that yonder gallant, our Scottish guest, looks marvellously sad. I charge thee go, in thy own fair name and mine, and ask if aught aileth him."

"Nay," returned Alice, "he seemeth to avoid converse: perchance the affairs of his kingdom press too heavily upon him."

"Perchance he hath told the fair Alice so?" said Richard, facing full on her, and fixing his steady eye on her speaking countenance. "What sayest thou, mistress; dost thou plead guilty to the charge of holding converse with this Scottish Malcolm?"

"Ay, guilty—guilty, Richard; thou knowest that, with all the court crowding round, there must be some moments when I have encountered the monarch alone. Wouldst thou have me so uncourteous as to pass such in silence? I know the ever-witty, gallant Richard would not will me do so."

"Umph!" returned Richard, suppressing a laugh, "'tis well: and now, Alice, to speak of matters pertaining to our betrothment. After living from childhood together, we must regard it as a matter of course: it will but give us fairer opportunity to shew our affection. Ha! dost thou turn pale? Nay, I am sure thou wilt affect all the acting of our court ladies; but rather tell me, undisguisedly, that thou lovest me, and so let us thank our destinies for all things; for thou knowest princes are mere tools, and often are they fettered in iron chains to advance the interest of their kingdoms: but with thee and me 'tis otherwise—our beings have grown together even with our stature—our minds are one. I have ever confided in thee, and thou hast not a secret hidden from me. But why tremble!" as she clung to his arm. "Come, sweet Alice, say that thy heart will go with thy hand?"

"Not to thee: not to thee, Richard.—Oh! pardon me," she exclaimed, looking for the first time during their conference steadfastly in his face. He bent his brow, as he returned, "Not to me! what canst thou mean?—to whom, then, but thy affianced husband? But this is not a fitting place for explanation: I will warn thee to-morrow when I would speak with thee. Till then, lady, I wish thee good

rest." So saying, he led her to the door, and left her to her own mournful imaginations.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Richard, as he now turned his quick eye down the long hall in search of the pensive Malcolm. "Well, I am glad she is gone; for by all the saints in the calendar, I could not have braved a tear. But now for Malcolm—'tis but another maiden—he is surely the very god of modesty. Ah! there he is.—Now, Richard, thy resolution must not waver. They must be punished."

"Well met, Sire; here is mirth in abundance. Why lookest thou so sad? I fear me some of those brilliant eyes glancing around us have pierced a part that, in me, is very piercable!"—laying his hand on his heart.

"I knew not that I looked sad, Richard—or more sad than is usual with me; thou knowest I lack thy ever-ready tongue and mirthful laugh."

"Ay, but now, an' thou art my friend, thou must congratulate me. Thou knowest the young Princess Alice of France and myself have been long betrothed. Well, my royal father hath delayed for certain reasons fulfilling the engagement; but now all disputes are happily settled, and we rejoice to say that the nuptial day is fixed."

"Fixed—rejoice!" mused Malcolm.

"'Tis true," returned Richard. "But how is this? Thou dost not play the friend's part, and tell me thou art glad; but thy face is pale as our court ladies before their toilet hath given their cheek the semblance of Nature's damask, and thy tongue seems to have given up its power of speech. Prythee, Malcolm, smile, or thou wilt make me fancy I am at a funeral, instead of in our mirthful hall."

"Nay, forgive me, Richard, if I do not express all I would wish to thee—but press me not to-night; I feel faint in mind and body, and will leave this gay scene. To-morrow, may be, I will have recovered this slight indisposition. For the night, farewell!"—and, seizing Richard's proffered hand, and giving it a friendly pressure, he withdrew.

"Well, and now," muttered Richard, "all is as I would wish it: they are both miserable for to-night, which is not more than they deserve for conducting the mat-

ter so slily : and methinks I will retire now, for there is not in this heartless assemblage a cheering thought or word for Richard. Berengaria! dear Berengaria! Alice of France, were she more beautiful than she is, would be nothing to me. I will to my pillow, and think of thee. I care not for the wills, and alliances, and contracts of kings. I love thee, and will make thee Queen of England."

On the morrow, Richard was wandering from room to room in the palace, whistling in a low tone several merry airs, and forming in his imagination the best mode for discovering to Alice that he knew of her affection for Malcolm, when suddenly entering the library, he espied at the lower end Alice, apparently in tears, and Malcolm leaning over her. He immediately left the apartment with cautious steps, and waiting in the adjoining apartment, sent an officer of the household, desiring permission to speak with the Lady Alice.

In a few minutes he was admitted. Malcolm was gone, or at least he was not to be seen, and all traces of tears had disappeared from the cheek of Alice; but there was a sad expression in her eye, and her beautiful lips were compressed. Richard felt at the moment but little inclination for exerting his talent for teasing: but then he recollected that her pleasure would be proportionate; at least he imagined any thing accomplished in the every-day way was scarcely worth the being pleased with. So, turning to Alice, he demanded an explanation of the words she had used the preceding evening.—"But I will think, Alice," he continued, seating himself beside her, and glancing narrowly round the room, to detect which might be the hiding-place of Malcolm, "I will think that it was but a maidenly scruple, and that by this time thou art prepared to tell me thou wilt share at some future day my throne." Alice drooped her head, yet the hand Richard had taken remained passively in his.—"Well," he continued, "I will not chide thee for thy silly shyness: but art not thou dull here alone?—and thou hast not been reading. Hast thou been conjuring up in thy busy mind the fashion of thy nuptial dress? Thou blushest! Nay, then, love, I will not press thee on the

subject of thy thoughts; but come here with me to this cabinet, and I will shew thee a rare collection of new fossils I have placed there;"—and he placed his hand on the door of the cabinet.

"No, no—not now, Richard: I am faint—another time—this day after noon."

"Well, love," said Richard, biting his lip, which was parting from its fellow to give utterance to one of his laughs, and which he could scarcely repress, "I will not press thee: thou mayst retire; but I am going to examine them."

"Richard, Richard, mercy!" she exclaimed, dropping on her knee: "I love thee not as I would love a consort, and he to whom I have plighted my faith is there." But Richard had turned from the cabinet, and Malcolm now bent supporting Alice in his arms.

"'Tis well, Madam," said Richard, unsheathing his sword; "I have been duped by thy seeming artlessness. For you, Sir Malcolm, see I am ready to demand satisfaction. It hath indeed been rumoured that thou wert over-fond of our court. Thou hadst been better employed, methinks, in securing thy throne as the seat for a queen before thou suedst for the hand of the Princess of France; and 'twere as well thou sentest for a steel corslet before thou dupedst Richard of England."

"Richard, dear Richard—as I have ever been wont to call thee from a child—wreak thy vengeance on me—it is all my fault. I should have avoided the presence of the King of Scotland; but, instead of that, I sought it, I confess it with shame. The heartless court-speech palled on my ear, and my tongue could not reply to it. Thy company I shunned, because I knew that when our fathers pleased they would unite me to thee, and I felt I loved thee not. I knew thou didst not love me, or I fancied it. Malcolm thou knowest is not framed to seek friendships. The court have termed him shy. He and I met often alone—we spoke together when no other was near—we found our minds reflected each in the other, and we suffered our hearts to partake in the nature of their connection. Richard, thou art generous—"

"Ay, ay, Alice," said the softened Prince, gently raising her, and placing her

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on Malcolm's bosom, "I forgive thee, if indeed I have aught to pardon thee for; and now I must sue at thy feet. Tell me, wilt thou smile when I say that I have been doing all this to punish thee for not making me a confidant in thy love-affair?—And thou, Malcolm, here is my hand; but thou deservest that I should wed Alice, an' it were but to let thee know better next time. But now I promise thee that I will further thy wishes all in my power."

Alice kissed Richard's hand, but he gave her a brotherly salute. At that moment a messenger knocked for admission. It was despatches from the Scottish court, citing Malcolm to return immediately, and attend to the affairs of his kingdom, which were now completely disarranged from his long residence in the English court, and which was attributed to a personal attachment to the King of England.

"I must then leave thee, dear Alice, and thou, generous Richard; but I will hope not for long;"—and that same even-

ing, he left the English court, and returned to his own kingdom.

To Richard he often communicated the results of his campaigns, and sent with them his unchanging faith to Alice. But Malcolm's health gradually declined: he was constitutionally shy; not formed to mix in the busy scenes of every-day life, but, as events proved, better fitted to move in the narrow circle of a few affectionate hearts. It is probable his soul found not the repose necessary to its happiness in his own court—or, perhaps, disease had been working in his delicate frame from boyhood. Be it as it may, he lived but a few years after his return to Scotland. He never placed a queen on his throne: but Alice, after a lapse of many years, wedded William II. of Ponthieu. Whether she were happy in her choice, or rather in her destination, history does not inform us. Such matters are seldom regarded as worth mention in the annals of princes.

*October, 1830.*

**E. A. INGRAM.**

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## LEON: AN ITALIAN SKETCH.

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It was night—the air was clear and frosty, but the wind blew in chilling gusts through the dark and narrow lanes of Genoa, and even along its principal streets, making an unwelcome contrast to the joyous hospitality that reigned within the mansion of the Marchese Albertini. It was the evening of the first of January, 17—, and the natal day of his daughter and only child, who had just attained her eighteenth year. The Marchese was a widower, a Neapolitan by birth: but, having married a Genoese lady, he had settled in her native country, previously to her death; and, partly from habit, partly from inclination, he had continued there. On the evening in question, his splendid marble palace, in order to do honour to his fair daughter, was adorned

with unusual taste and elegance. The satin draperies, the marble floors, the gorgeous mirrors and lustres, formed a scene of enchantment; and the lights were so disposed as to give the utmost effect to those noble paintings in which the Palazzo Albertini was so rich. The rooms were thronged with the noble and the lovely: the most costly perfumes were distributed around the apartments; and the harmony of sweet singing voices contributed to the entertainment of those assembled. Amidst the crowd of gay cavaliers and beautiful and jewelled ladies, Adeline, the fair daughter of the Marchese, moved in unrivalled loveliness. A simple though costly dress set off her beautiful figure; her dark and glossy hair was wound around her polished



brow ; and her eyes—how brightly they flashed from beneath their long fringes ! The richness of the rose was on her downy cheek ; and her voice was sweet, and almost as low as the sighing of the summer winds.

Full many a jewelled cavalier gazed on her with admiration, and strove to win her favour ; but, courteous to all, she smiled on none in particular. As the evening waxed late, the crowd of visitors became still more numerous ; and Adeline, feeling herself heated and exhausted, retired, for a moment's repose, to a smaller apartment adjoining the grand saloon. The windows opened on a magnificent terrace, leading, by a flight of marble steps, to the beautiful gardens in the rear of the Marchese's mansion. The moon was up, although, at times, partially obscured ; but the stars were very bright, and Adeline, throwing a cloak around her, stepped out on the terrace to breathe for a moment the pure air. She was about returning when she observed a figure moving in the direction of the terrace, and presently she heard her own name breathed forth in a voice not to be mistaken. Adeline knew it well—she descended hastily—

“ Leon ! Leon ! ” she said, “ what madness is this ? ”

“ Chide me not, dearest,” he replied, as he clasped her to his heart : “ could I know that the noblest and bravest in Genoa were this night paying homage to its fairest flower, nor seek to win one smile for myself ? ”

“ But you have enemies here, dear Leon ; depart quickly, I pray : you need no fresh assurances of my affection.”

“ No, lovely one,” replied the youth, proudly ; “ I both trust and believe you. I know that, although the highest in Genoa sigh for her love, the daughter of the Marchese Albertini prefers, above them all, the adoration of Leon Carelmonite ; and see,” he continued, as he took an ebony cross of exquisite workmanship from his vest, and placed it in the hands of Adeline, “ I am come likewise to offer you a tribute on your natal day ; and a meet one, is it not, sweet, for one so pure and guileless ? You will prize it, albeit no brilliants glitter round it ; and, when you think of him who gave

it, breathe a prayer for him when he shall be far from hence.”

“ What mean you, Leon ? ” said the lady.

“ I am come,” he replied, “ to bid you farewell. Nay, hear me, my beloved one ! 'Tis true, my birth is noble ; but I am an orphan, poor, and without friends—your father scarcely deigns to notice me—how, then, think you, he would brook to hear of me as the declared lover of his daughter ? ”

“ Dearest Leon, let us trust to time.”

The youth passed his arm around her, and drew her trembling form towards him.

“ I must be stirring,” he said ; “ I have lingered inactively here too long, to gaze on thee, and to worship thy young beauty. Now, I must go forth into the world ; a thousand paths are open to me, which will lead alike to fame and fortune. I will win thee, lady ; nobly and honourably I will make for myself a renown ; and even thy father himself shall smile on our nuptials.” And, as he spoke, his cheek kindled, and his dark eyes flashed with unwonted brilliancy.

The eyes of Adeline were dimmed in tears, as she raised them to her lover's face. “ Thou deemest but lightly of the pang of parting ! ” she said.

“ Ay, Adeline, mine own ! ” replied the enthusiastic youth ; “ thou knowest me better. But for the end I have in view, could I endure it—the hope of calling thee mine own in the face of an envying multitude ? ”

“ Alas ! alas ! ” said Adeline, “ when may I hope to see thee ? ”

He paused for an instant : “ Adeline, I leave thee surrounded by admirers ; but I cannot look on thy ingenuous brow, and doubt. I deem thy truth and love as mine own—immovable as a rock. I ask thee, then, for neither vow nor pledge ; and my gage of truth shall be one kiss, one parting one, of those pure and sweet lips.”

They both paused for an instant—footsteps were heard on the terrace : “ I must be gone,” said Adeline ; “ yet—stay ! ’tis the voice of Beatrice calling me.”

“ My lady ! my lady ! your father has even now told me your presence was wanted, and bade me seek you. He will be here himself anon.”

"I am coming, my good girl," replied Adeline; "hasten, and tell him so.—Oh, Leon!" she cried, turning towards him, "you must indeed be gone. I tremble for the consequences should my father discover you."

"But one moment," replied her lover: "Mark me, Adeline! On this very day twelvemonth—thy natal day, (if not before), thou shalt surely see me. I will be with thee, if alive; perchance, crowned with success; perchance, ruined alike in hopes and fortune. Yet thine, ever thine, till death!"

"God go with thee," exclaimed the weeping Adeline.

"Dearest, and best beloved, farewell!" replied her lover; and with one passionate embrace they parted.

Little did the gay and glittering assemblage who graced the evening banquet at the Marchese Albertini's that night, deem that she who presided there was a prey to the most agonizing sorrow, and that her apparent joyousness was but as a veil to conceal her heart's wretchedness! Months fled away, and Adeline heard no direct tidings from Leon; but her trust in her lover's parting words remained unshaken; and cavalier after cavalier, who would have sighed at her feet, were dismissed. At length there came one, unexceptionable alike in person, birth, and fortune; and the Marchese, usually so indulgent, in this case was peremptory. He was deaf to Adeline's protestations of dislike, and insisted on her receiving his friend, the Marchese Spineto, as a suitor for her hand. Adeline, thus compelled to receive his visits, maintained ever towards him the same civil unruffled demeanour. At first, she appealed to his generosity; she told him she loved another, and that her heart could never be his; but her beauty had so enthralled him, that he heard her unmoved; nay, he even smiled at her enthusiasm, and, secure of her father's consent, he contentedly trusted to time and his own assiduities to make her wholly his own. After this, Adeline despised him. Beatrice, too, her faithful attendant, also brought her tidings of Leon: fortune had smiled on him; he had entered into the army, and had risen to a high post; and, by the cousin of Beatrice, whom he knew and could trust, he sent Adeline a ring,

as a token of his ever-during affection. This sustained her spirits; and, despite of Spineto's attentions, she looked forward to future happiness with the chosen of her young heart.

The rich luxuriance of summer had passed, and even the golden tints of autumn were fading away, when the government of Genoa became aware that there were plots in existence to overturn it; but so secret were the conspirators—so cautious in their meetings—that none had as yet been discovered or brought to justice. Many of high birth were known to be implicated, although no proofs to that effect were brought forward; and, amongst many names whispered about, was that of Leon Carelmonte, the lover of Adeline, who had lately quitted the army in disgust at some affront which he imagined had been put upon him. The place of his abode was not known; but the government employed spies, and he was seized one night, and thrown into prison, on a charge of having attended a treasonable meeting. Two others were also apprehended at the same time; but they knew very little of the plot which was formed—they had not even been trusted with the names of those engaged in it; yet, in order to mitigate their own punishment, they deposed to having seen Leon among the conspirators. He loudly and positively asserted his innocence, but to no effect. He was a man of rare talents, and had obtained for himself a high reputation. The government, therefore, resolved to make an example of him, with the view of striking terror into his associates; and, while they who were apprehended with him were kept in the strictest confinement, he was condemned to suffer death. This news burst on the ear of the Lady Adeline as a thunder-bolt. At first, she refused credence to the tale; but when she heard the tongue of every one proclaiming it, her expression of disbelief availed not. But nothing could shake her confidence in his innocence. "He has been betrayed," she exclaimed; "but his honour and faith are unsullied. He must not die—his precious life must not be sacrificed. On me alone let vengeance fall—I will be the victim!"

The Marchese Albertini sat alone in his library, reading. He was aroused by

hearing a slight footstep; he looked up, and saw his daughter; but her cheek was so deadly pale, and her lips were so compressed, that he almost started as he looked on her.

"My father!" she said, "you have often urged, nay, implored me to become the wife of the Marchese Spineto—I am *now* ready—grant me but one boon, and do with me as you will."

The Marchese appeared surprised. "Calm yourself, Adeline," he said; "sit down."

"Nay, my father," she replied, as she sank at his feet; "hear me—Leon Carelmon-te—"

Her father started—"The traitor!" he exclaimed.

"Not so! not so!" she cried. He loved me once—frown not—'tis over now—"

"And thou," replied the Marchese, starting from his seat—"thou, the daughter of a high and noble house, didst smile upon his suit *clandestinely*! Was this right, Adeline?"

"Forgive me," she said; "henceforth he must be as nothing to me; but save him, save him from the death he is condemned to suffer.—You are high and rich, and your interest—your entreaties, can give him life and liberty. Oh, if you knew him!—his generous devotedness, his noble nature, and his deep feelings of enthusiasm—so young, too! you, even you, would pity him."

"Adeline!" said the Marchese, "you have erred deeply; but, on condition that you do indeed consent to become the envied bride of the Marchese Spineto, I will think of what you say."

"Bless you, my father! Yes! any thing, even that. Oh, when I think of his deep, devoted affection, and the destruction of his long cherished hopes, to part for ever is bitter enough; but I have promised, and will perform; for his death—the very thought of it maddens me—I could not outlive it;" and Adeline, at length overcome, leaned her head on the marble table beside her, and wept in uncontrolled agony.

The Marchese approached—he spoke gently to her—persuaded her to retire to her chamber—and promised to see if any thing could be done for the unfortunate

Leon.—To effect a marriage between Adeline and his friend Spineto, had lately been the strongest wish of the Marchese; but to this his daughter had ever manifested the most strenuous opposition. Now that he had obtained her consent, on condition that Carelmon-te should be liberated, the terms seemed easy to him. He knew not the depth of his daughter's affection, but believed that, in the pomp and splendour of Spineto's bride, she would forget her early predilection. He exerted his influence: he did not spare bribes, where he found bribes would be acceptable. The proofs against Leon had, from the first, been slight; and, when a rich and powerful noble was found to be interested in him, they vanished into air, and, at the end of a few days, the Marchese placed in Adeline's hand a full and free pardon for Leon Carelmon-te. To be quite assured of his safety, she had stipulated for this; and Beatrice, her waiting maid, whom she could trust, she deputed to convey it to him, with her everlasting farewell.

Leon was solitary in his prison cell: the shades of evening were stealing over his native city, Genoa the superb. There was a small window in his dungeon, thickly secured with iron bars; but it was not beyond his height, and he stood now gazing from it on the noble prospect which spread before him, until tender and melancholy thoughts so overcame him, that even tears forced themselves into his eyes, which he the next moment indignantly dashed away. Before him lay the noble bay of Genoa, crowded with different merchant vessels; and he looked down upon splendid marble palaces, and noble churches. Amongst the crowd of buildings, his eyes rested on the Albertini Palace, the roof of which he could plainly discern. He thought of his last interview with Adeline—of the death to which he was doomed—and of the ruin which had come over the high and promising hopes in which he had then indulged. The recollection was too painful; he drew his hand over his eyes to shut out the view, and turned aside from the window. He heard his prison door grate on its hinges; and, in another moment, Beatrice stood before him; she spoke not, but she held towards him the paper containing his pardon, and the

ring: tears choked her words; for the tender hearted girl was shocked at the sight of his wan and hollow cheeks, and the dimness of his once bright eyes. A pleasurable glow spread itself over his countenance, as he perused the paper which gave him back to life and freedom; but it faded when he looked on the ring.

"Does Adeline send me this?" he said. "Has she forgotten me because I am unfortunate? Or does she still remember me, and is it to her that I am indebted for liberty to breathe again the pure and blessed air of my native land?"

"My mistress," replied the maiden, "bade me tell you that her love is as true as when you parted from her; nay, that she can never change, nor did she ever believe the charges brought against you."

"Bless her! bless her!" cried Leon; "and I shall once more see her, and ——."

"Nay," said Beatrice, "that must not be! She sends you, by me, and with this ring, her farewell for ever! Oh, you know not," she said, "my dear lady's agony, nor her bitter tears, ere she thus resigned you!"

Leon answered not; but he covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Nothing but the dread of your death and sufferings," resumed Beatrice, "could have shaken her plighted faith; but, when that came upon her, she rested not until she had won a promise from the Marchese, her father, to procure your pardon. The price she pays for it is indeed a bitter one!"

"Oh, that I had died first! But tell me! tell me!" he cried, "the worst."

Beatrice hesitated a moment, then turned her head away, and added—"To save your life, the Lady Adeline is pledged to wed the Marchese Spineto."

"Oh, fatal gift of life and freedom! Death would be far more welcome, than thus to lose the only being that brightened my wayward course! I do refuse the boon—I will remain here—this marriage shall not take place—any thing—oh, the worst of torments, rather than that!"

"'Tis useless now; your pardon ere

now is publicly proclaimed, and it is not even allowed you to refuse it. Quick, for the time allotted to me here is nearly passed, and tell me what tidings shall I bear from you to my lady?"

"Tell her, that the gift of freedom which she sent me is wretched and valueless, and worse, far worse than the death to which I was doomed; and yet, not so; say not so; 'twould wound her gentle nature. Tell her this hated marriage shall not be! I will save her from it, or perish! I will see her once again, and gaze on her bright loveliness; for she must not, she shall not be sacrificed for my preservation!"

"'Tis now too late!" again exclaimed Beatrice; "preparations for the marriage have already commenced, and my lady is strictly guarded. Were it otherwise, she has obtained the boon she asked, and she will keep her plighted word; yea, though her heart break, she will pay the penalty!"

"Then, farewell," said Leon, "to hope and happiness! Oh, Adeline! Adeline! my first, my only love! must I lose thee for ever, nor dare to call thee mine!—Maiden!" he added, "I charge thee, bear to thy lady my thanks, and tell her, while Leon Carelmonte has life, his love and his prayers will be her's—her's for ever!"

He sank exhausted on his pallet—the gaoler stood at the door—he motioned to Beatrice to depart; and, drawing her veil over her face, she obeyed, and Leon was once more left to solitude and silence; as, from the terms of his pardon, he was not to be liberated until the next day.

Some weeks passed away, and every effort, every stratagem which Leon made use of to gain access to his beloved, proved utterly fruitless, so many barriers had the Marchese placed around his daughter, to guard against any one, save his own creatures, holding communication with her. Adeline, in truth, was become a changed creature. A settled melancholy had taken possession of her—she received the attentions of her future husband with a sort of quiet indifference; and, if she sometimes shrank from the thought of becoming a bride, she nerved herself with the recollection that Leon, her fondly cherished!

Leon, owed his life to her; and it was sweet even to suffer for *him*. At length, the day drew near: the first of January was the day appointed for the wedding of the Lady Adeline with the Marchese Spineto. Adeline offered no objection. "I parted from Leon on that day," she said; "and now, when it again comes round, I shall be eternally separated from him! 'Tis well! I would not wish it otherwise."

The evening of the first day of the new year arrived, and the Palazzo Albertini was again a scene of splendour. The wedding guests were all assembled—the bridegroom in waiting—and the ecclesiastic had already opened his book, as he stood at the sumptuous altar, lighted with massive candelabra, in the chapel belonging to the palace. They looked for the bride—at length she approached; and beautiful she looked, although pale, very pale; and her step was not so firm as usual, and her eye was tearless, as, leaning on her faithful Beatrice, she advanced up to the altar. Her father took her hand, and she smiled on him, but it was sadly, nor did she turn away from the fond whisper of the Marchese Spineto. No! She had wrought herself up to suffer all with patience. Her lace veil had partially fallen aside, and disclosed the costly pearls wreathed in her dark raven hair: the eyes of all rested, almost with devotion, on the classic beauty of her features; but a low sob, and a deep sigh, were the tribute of admiration paid by one there; and Adeline well knew they came from her faithful attendant, who stood a little on one side leaning against a pillar.

The marriage service commenced—the priest had read but a few sentences, when hurrying steps were heard at the farther end of the chapel; and, hastily pushing aside those who would have interrupted his progress, Leon Carelmonite stood before the astonished group; and, before they could recover from their surprise, he had clasped Adeline to his heart.

"Villain! what means this intrusion?" exclaimed Spineto, as he strove to disengage Adeline from his embrace.

"She is mine!" replied Leon; "mine, by vows which Heaven has registered, and I will not part from her!"

"Oh, Leon! Leon! is this well?" cried Adeline. "Why are you come to make the path of duty still more difficult?"

"Said I not," he rejoined, "that on this day I would see thee? and have I not well kept my tryst?"

The Marchese Albertini made a sign to his attendants to secure Leon; but his quick eye detected it, and his flashing sword prevented all approach.

"This is no time for strife," he said: Marchese Albertini, there is a plot against you! Your life is in peril! The conspirators are this night in arms against the government and state of Genoa! They are many in number; powerful, and well armed; and you, from your wealth, and known adherence to the state, will be one of their first objects. Hark! they are even now approaching!"

"'Tis but a trick to gain time," replied the Marchese, as he took his daughter's hand and led her again to the altar; "and, were it not for this holy place, my good sword should chastise thine insolence."

The burning flush of anger mounted to the cheeks of Leon; but it quickly subsided, and he controlled his ardent feelings. Once more the book was opened; and quickly closed again, for a loud and appalling shout from without, mingled with shrieks and cries, seemed to shake the building, and bore fearful testimony to the truth of Leon's warning. The Marchese looked around him in amaze. Spineto would have seized his bride by the arm, but Leon prevented him.

"Why are you still here?" she said.

"To save you, or die with you!" was the reply.—No more was said, for the affrighted guests dispersed in all directions.

"Make fast the chapel door!" cried the Marchese. His order was instantly obeyed, and just in time, for in a few moments more it was shaken violently, and the tread of many feet was heard around the building, apparently endeavouring to discover an entrance, and the Marchese's name was heard, mingled with threats. For a moment all was hushed—a deep groan burst from the lips of the Marchese Spineto, and he fell lifeless to the ground. A shot, fired through a

small loop-hole in the chapel, had entered his body, and he had thus fallen a victim to lawless violence.

"Save the Lady Adeline!" cried Leon. The Marchese, warned by the spectacle before him, hesitated no longer.

"Follow me!" said Leon.

Adeline was supported by her father and the priest, and followed by Beatrice and two or three other domestics. They passed quickly through the door of the chapel which communicated with the mansion, and hastened to the terrace; but how to pass the gardens was the difficulty. Breathless with terror, they descended—the darkness favoured them. They heard voices around them, and they scarcely dared to breathe. Leon led the way, which was familiar to him even in the gloom which now enveloped it. Loud shouts of exultation behind them announced that the conspirators had effected an entrance into the Marchese's mansion, and they pressed onwards with greater rapidity. They had just reached a part of the gardens, communicating with the open road, but the door was fast locked, and resisted their utmost efforts. The wall adjoining was, however, low, and partly broken down. This they were in the act of attempting to pass, when four men rushed upon them, and commanded them to desist. Leon drew his sword—"On with the lady!" he cried; "forward, for your lives! heed not me;—take the turning to the left," he whispered; "'twill lead to the street de la Hiéta; look out for number seven—enter, and you are safe."

"Brave youth," replied the Marchese, "you shall not lose your life for us; and now to help. Villains, advance!" The foremost one discharged his pistol, which slightly wounded Leon in the arm, who rushed on him, and laid him prostrate on the earth by a blow from his sword. The one engaged with the Marchese was tall and powerful; but the Marchese was an expert swordsman, and he parried his adversary's strokes with admirable skill. Overcome with rage and passion, the man made a furious thrust at the Marchese, who slipped dexterously aside, and, watching his opportunity, buried his sword in the body of his opponent, who fell instantly to the ground. The other

two, who were attacking Leon, observing the fall of their companions, fled instantly. Voices were, however, heard in the distance; and, apprehensive of being overpowered, Leon and the Marchese hastened to gain the garden wall, over which the half insensible Adeline had been conveyed by her companions during the affray. They effected it in safety—and cautiously and in silence they traversed the road leading to their place of shelter. Ever and anon, shouts, and loud cries, came on their ears, borne by the wind as it swept past them; and they could yet see the torches flashing to and fro in the Albertini palace. The Marchese sighed heavily; but his principal thought was of his daughter; and when at length he reached the house where she was, and clasped her unharmed to his heart, after all the perils of the night, his fortitude gave way, and he wept tears of joy and thankfulness.

Morrow dawned on the little group, and found them still happier. Leon had brought them tidings that, soon after their attack on the Marchese's mansion, a body of troops belonging to the state had engaged and dispersed them, and the chiefs of the ringleaders were taken and in prison. Their whole plans had been betrayed to the government by one of their number, and measures had been taken to disconcert their scheme; but the government was unable to prevent the outrage at the Marchese's, owing to the attack commencing much earlier than was anticipated.

It was the house of Leon to which the Marchese and his daughter had been conducted, and which, being situated in a retired part of the city, afforded them a secure asylum. Leon explained to the Marchese that the cause of his being seen at a meeting of the conspirators was his anxiety to endeavour to detach a dear and early friend from embarking in a ruinous and traitorous undertaking. His efforts were, however, unavailing; yet to that friend he was indebted for his knowledge of the intended attack on the Albertini palace, and he had hastened thither to seek and save Adeline.

A few days restored the Marchese and his daughter to their home, and the former was so sensible of Leon's bravery,



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and of the services he had rendered, that his hostility towards him was entirely forgotten. As he was of a good family, he no longer opposed him as the lover of his daughter; and Leon Carelmon-  
te walked by the side of the beautiful Adeline, the envy of the proudest in Genoa.

Ere the summer blossomed forth in its

beauty, the Albertini palace was again a scene of splendour; and Leon Carelmon-  
te (as he had foretold) with the consent of her father led the lady Adeline to the altar, this time a willing bride, and happily united to her first and only love, for whose preservation she had been willing to sacrifice her own happiness.

Mrs. H——.

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## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

*By the Author of "The Miser Married," &c.*

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MARY ARUNDEL was the daughter of a country physician who had many daughters to provide for, and who was very desirous to be getting them off his hands. Their fortune consisted of their beauty and accomplishments; and these were properly displayed at all the dinner parties, evening parties, and subscription balls of the neighbourhood. Every body admired, but "no-body was coming to woo." One man wanted money; another thought the Misses Arundel were not sufficiently domestic; and a third found it difficult to fix upon one, when all were captivating and endeavouring to captivate. At length an elderly gentleman paid serious homage to the charms of Mary, and demanded her of her father. The doctor most willingly acceded to the demand; and

Mary, like a good girl, made her courtesy, and said, "Yes, if you please." Her lover was more than three times her own age; but she loved no one; she did not know that it was necessary to love; she was going to be a well-dressed bride, and, she supposed, a happy one; and then, how lucky it was that she should be married before any of her sisters, though they were all older than herself!

After a short time passed in courtship, Mr. Sheffield and Mary Arundel were married. The gentleman was loving and good-tempered, but he was rather wary. He knew, notwithstanding his passion, that the fair one to whom he was attached had been addicted to society and amusements; and not knowing how far her taste for these

might carry her, he determined to provide for her, in case she should be the survivor, according as she might behave: he therefore had made her no marriage-settlement; and the doctor, content with having a daughter the less to encumber him, had not insisted upon her having one.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield lived together as well as sixty and eighteen might; not exactly to his mind, but without any indiscretion on her part. At the end of the first year she presented him with a daughter; and before three other years had expired, he died.

What were Mary's feelings on this melancholy occasion I know not: it is possible that the idea of being a young, rich, and handsome widow might afford some alleviation of her sorrow: but her feelings on hearing the will of her late husband read cannot be doubted; for by this he had bequeathed her an ample annuity, on the condition of her not marrying again. By this time, Mary had acquired a notion that love was necessary to the happiness of a married life; but this happiness was never to be hers.

Mary passed the first year of her widowhood in total seclusion, meditating upon what was forbidden, rather than on what was lost; and dreading the society of man, lest she should find one too amiable and interesting: but it was not in her disposition to continue this cheerless way of life; and by degrees she appeared in public, and resumed her former gaiety. The young, rich, and handsome widow attracted many admirers, and received many offers; but she carried the formidable will of her husband in her mind, and was always on her guard. Success, however, leads to presumption, or, at least, to security, and Mary was off her guard when watchfulness was most needful.

She became acquainted with a gentleman, a cautious man, who made his approaches in the character of a friend, and determined to secure an interest in her heart before he declared himself her lover; and Mary's heart was gone before she suspected her danger. Her feelings were new to her; and she doubted, feared, trembled, and discovered the truth. The gentleman discovered it also; and he threw off the friend, and assumed the lover.

What was Mary to do now? how inform the man she loved—the man who was

avowing the most tender and ardent affection for her—of the fatal clause in her husband's will? But she did inform him: and how did he then, in the bitterness of anguish, inveigh against the injustice of the living being controlled by the dead! of the tyranny of withholding the inalienable privilege of man and woman, or granting it on terms which brought ruin in their train! How did he then lament his being a younger brother; without the means of supporting the object of his affection, if she should pay the forfeit annexed to her acceptance of himself! While her lover raved and deplored, Mary answered only by her tears, though her heart responded to his invectives and regrets: but when, after a silence of some minutes, he ventured to propose her being his on the only terms that remained, she gave a firm and decided negative. "Here, then, we part," said the lover: he would have added, *for ever*, but he was unable to articulate the words. "I cannot part now," said Mary; "see me to-morrow." "I will," he replied, and rushed out of the room.

It has long been said, and often repeated, that "the woman who deliberates is lost." Mary deliberated throughout the whole of a sleepless night. What charm is there, thought she, in a certain form of words, arranged by men, and pronounced by a clergyman? If we were Mahomedans, we should go before a civil magistrate, and swear to take each other, and that would do as well: then why not swear it in my drawing-room?—But that would not be binding.—What would that signify, if I were convinced I might trust the man I should take?—But it would not be lawful.—Law is made to bind those whom conscience cannot bind; integrity makes law unnecessary.—But what would the world say?—Ah! what indeed!—that world which would censure me if I did not obey its dictates, and give me no commendation if I did. Well, if I were satisfied, let the world be otherwise if it pleased. What is my loss if I renounce the world? Can it enter into competition with the man I love?

The result of these sage reflections may easily be imagined; her lover and she entered into such engagements as satisfied themselves. But what could never have been imagined, they were inviolably kept to the end of their lives. She retained her

name, and her family consisted only of herself, her daughter, and two women-servants; he lived at a short distance, and was a constant visitor at her house. She knew that she had forfeited her place in society; and she submitted silently, without making any attempt to regain it. In believing that she could renounce the world for the man she loved, she had not miscalculated her own powers; for she rarely went out of her house, and no visitor, male or female, ever entered it, except himself. One circumstance, however, she had not taken into consideration; the effect which her example might have upon her daughter.

Letitia Sheffield was about my own age; and, from ten years old to twelve, we were schoolfellows at a day-school, and very intimate companions: she was one of my set, which was composed of about half a dozen of the principal girls in the school. But we saw Letitia only at school. The rest of us visited each other; but no one visited Letitia Sheffield, and no one dared to call upon her. We knew that an air of mystery hung over the house, but we did not know from whence it proceeded; and if she did, she was too well instructed to inform us. Once, and once only, the closed door was opened to Letitia's associates, and that once I saw Mrs. Sheffield. She was then about thirty years of age, very handsome and very pleasing; she played on the piano-forte while we danced, gave us an elegant supper, and delighted us all.

Letitia Sheffield was pretty and volatile, engaging in her manners, and unruffled in her temper: but she had one fault; we never could depend on what she said. Her promise of to-day was forgotten to-morrow; and if she were reminded of it, a careless apology was made, or a ready excuse invented, and the promise was thought of no more.

At fifteen, Letitia had a lover—a tall handsome man, whose situation in life was unexceptionable, and who received all due encouragement. He introduced his uncle, on whom he had great dependence, to the young lady, and hoped his uncle approved his choice. The uncle, who had the eye of a lynx, replied, "I like the fortune, but I do not like the girl; and if you marry her, you will repent it." Who was ever deterred from marriage by being threatened with repentance? Not the lover of Letitia—

who married her before she was sixteen. Both had afterwards sufficient cause for repentance.

The husband of Letitia was gentlemanly in his appearance, and, when he pleased, in his manners; but at home, and alone with his wife, he was a brute and—may I say it? for I can think of no other word so applicable—a blackguard. Letitia endured abuse and neglect, without losing her temper or her cheerfulness; but her buoyant spirit sought amusement abroad, when she could not find happiness at home; and when her husband found that he could neither manage her nor provoke her, he took the post of lieutenant in his county militia, which was then on service in Ireland, and left her.

The deserted wife visited and flirted at her ease; till one night, at the theatre in the town in which she resided, she was struck with a performer on the stage. He was a fine dark man, with a face of intelligence and an eye of fire; and never had she seen a lover in real life to be compared with his personification of the character. The play was now her favourite amusement, and the box nearest the stage her favourite place in the theatre; and it was not long before she found she had attracted the notice of the principal actor. An acquaintance followed, which lasted till the militia was ordered home. The tidings of this threw Letitia into the greatest consternation. She neither dared, nor wished, to see her husband, and she was resolved not to quit her lover. One alternative only remained, which was to elope with the latter. The night before her husband's arrival, therefore, the infatuated woman went into her nursery, kissed her children as they lay sleeping, and drove off with him in a postchaise for London.

If a woman were found as unprincipled and as hardy as Letitia, it is not surprising that a hero of the stage should meet her advances; but it is surprising that a man in such a situation should burden himself with the faithless wife of another, and yet more so that his attachment to her should last, as it did, during the remainder of his life. Though Mr. — was performing, for some months, in a country town, at the time of his first acquaintance with Letitia, he was highly respectable in his profession; and he was not less so in his private character, this single instance to the contrary excepted. Letitia lived with him in London, bore his

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name, and was believed, by all who knew her there, to be his wife ; a new family supplied the place of the children she had deserted, and her conduct with respect to him and them was irreproachable.

Letitia's mother did not live to witness her daughter's degradation ; and Letitia's husband showed neither regret nor resentment, but associated with his brother officers, and drank his wine at taverns, as if no such event had taken place.

After a lapse of many years, a lady who had been intimately acquainted with Letitia while she was living with her husband, ventured to call upon her in town. The door was opened by a servant ; and the lady, who had been married since she had last seen Letitia, sent up her present name, and was admitted as a stranger. The moment she entered the room Letitia fainted ; and

when she recovered, she entreated her former friend not to betray her to her servants, or to any other person in town ; adding that she lived in constant dread of such a discovery, and she believed she should die if it were to happen.

It is evident from this that Letitia had much good feeling ; and her retaining the affection of a man of sense, even in so disgraceful a manner, and gaining his lasting esteem, proves that she had much good conduct. Her misdeeds may be traced to two causes : the seeing a man enter her mother's house as a husband, without possessing the name, must have given her very erroneous ideas of morality ; and the ill treatment of her husband first, and his desertion of her afterwards, prepared the way for her criminal attachment to another.

C. H.

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